#19

FINAL

# K L U T E

by

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1 INT DINING ROOM TOM GRUNEMANN HOUSE DAY

CLOSE SHOT of TOM GRUNEMANN, attractive young executive, sitting at the head of the dining room table carving a turkey for Thanksgiving Day dinner. There are joyous sounds of celebration. The CAMERA PANS around the table revealing the happy family and guests. Among them are KLUTE and CABLE.

Camera stops at Mrs. Grunemann who sits at the foot of the table opposite her husband. She smiles across at him with pleasure. We cut to Tom Grunemann smiling back at her. We cut back to a closeup of Mrs. Grunemann looking back at her husband with love.

2 We cut back to Tom Grunemann's chair - only now it is empty. The joyous sounds disappear on this cut. It appears that Tom Grunemann has disappeared before our eyes. One moment he is there, and the next moment he is gone. The camera pans back down the table, only now it is empty except for Grunemann's children and Mrs. Grunemann. She is now dressed in something dark. She and the three children sit eating another meal in emptiness. She has changed from a joyous woman to a woman bereaved.

3 INT RESEARCH PLANT: ON ROSS DAY

The industrial frontier. SPECIAL AGENT ROSS steps into frame, glancing (perhaps idly, a little impatiently) in this direction at some loud industrial goings-on just beyond camera, then returns toward GROUP.

The group includes CABLE and a YOUNGER FBI AGENT with clipboard, to whom KLUTE is supplying preliminary data. KLUTE's manner is somewhat rumpled, awkward.

KLUTE
Klute. With a K. K - L - U --

ROSS
Are you with plant security, Sergeant?

KLUTE
(shakes head)
Town Police

ROSS
Then how are you involved?

KLUTE
(slowly)
I know Tom Grunemann.

3 CONTD

ROSS
(shortcutting again)
You knew the subject Thomas Grunemann. How well?

KLUTE
We grew up together. Kids.

ROSS
Can you account for his disappearance in any way?

KLUTE
No.

ROSS
Did he recently appear to you agitated or depressed?
(aside to younger Agent, recording)
-- indicates no -- Did he voice to you grievance or discontent with his research work here? Indicates no. Moral or sexual problems or peculiarities? --

KLUTE
No.

ROSS
Marital problems in general? Indicates possibly -- am I right Sergeant?

KLUTE
Everybody's got some, I guess.

ROSS
Did he ever mention specifically a girl or woman in New York?

KLUTE
No.

ROSS
Examine this letter please.
(continues)
We recovered that from the shredder -- the plant disposal and incinerator system. Grunemann apparently typed it Friday,

3 CONTD

ROSS
(continued)
before he left, decided not to send it, tossed it away. We've already contacted the New York Police; they think they know the girl in question.

C.U. KLUTE

Klute reads. We see a controlled incredulity and revulsion.

ROSS
(continued)
He never mentioned this type thing to you? You didn't know he had these interests?

4 INT GRUNEMANN HOUSE: C.U. HOLLY DAY

HOLLY thrusts the letter back toward camera, toward KLUTE crying out -

HOLLY
My husband was not like that! My God, Klute.

KLUTE
It looks like he sent her quite a few of those Holly -- the girl -- she recalls six or seven letters like --

HOLLY
(calmly)
-- No. I mean sure a little rough stuff, but just what people usually -- No, I would've said we were pretty good.
(pause)
Johnnie I don't understand. I just don't understand.

Klute nods. She is talking for both of them. Klute looks out the window to the children playing outside. CAMERA PANS out window to Klute's POV of children playing on a cold winter day. The trees are stripped bare.

5 EXT RESEARCH PLANT

Tree lined area, lush and green - Summer.

6 INT RESEARCH PLANT: DIRECTOR'S OFFICE DAY

CAMERA pulls back inside window to Klute staring outside, as if still pondering the fate of Tom Grunemann. The group in the office includes ROSS (holding a report), TRASK, a New York detective, Cable, and the plant director, STREIGER.

ROSS
-- has disclosed no evidence of crime or criminal intent within the jurisdiction of this bureau, and since subject Thom --

CABLE
(turns sharply, interrupts)
It's been almost a year! Tom Grunemann's been missing for a year. And all the FBI has to offer is a report that must bore even you.

ROSS
(restraint)
Well sir.

STREIGER
Are you closing the case?

ROSS
No sir, we don't state that. We're countin --

CABLE
But you don't find it worth much effort.

ROSS
(injured dignity)
Well Mr. Cable, you've got me here from the Bureau. You got Lieutenant Trask here from New York representing his department, and I don't frankly consider --

6 CONTD

STREIGER
(moderating, suggesting)
Why couldn't you ever find out anything from the girl?

ROSS
(refers the question)
Trask --

TRASK
(summarizes from notes)
We first hold her under surveillance expectin your boy Grunemann to show up there. Didn't. Then we bagged -- we arrested her on a CP charge, convicted, two month's women's city prison, offer to reduce sentence, she cooperated.
(counts)
Four interrogations. She thought she remembered Grunemann -- from those letters from before, she made that connection -- but she hadn't seen him since and couldn't identify his photograph and she --

STREIGER
Why not?

TRASK
Oh a good call girl, she'll turn six-seven hundred tricks a year. The faces get blurred.
(resumes)
And since then, recent months, she's reported several, you know, incidents: like breather calls, anonymous phone calls, also somebody maybe following her, watching her, things like that. So it's, I guess you could say, conceivable Grunemann's still around there, just hangin around her, spooking her. But you know, that --

He shakes his head, gestures doubtingly. Ross caps it.

6 CONTD (2)

ROSS
The subject got emotionally disturbed; he just dropped out. There's thousands.

STREIGER
Inspector we understand your position; ours is a little different. We have an investment in Tom Grunemann. The Company has an investment, and we feel entitled to investigate for ourselves.

ROSS
Private investigation, you mean. Yes sir, of course you're entitled, and there's some very competent --

STREIGER
Klute offered us his services; we've accepted.

Pause. Ross and Trask look at Klute - more than a bit startled - then at each other. Klute just looks uneasy.

STREIGER
Klute knew Tom. He has a great many ideas about the case --

ROSS
(sourly)
Yes sir, we know he --

STREIGER
We'd expect him to work in cooperation with you. He'd report to each of you and to our Company's New York office, to Pete -- Pete goes there on a regular schedule back and forth, and --

ROSS
(tactfully)
Mr. Streiger, speaking frankly -- we've appreciated the Sergeant's interest you know, all along. Here, locally. But New York, that's -- well --

6 CONTD (3)

TRASK
(to Klute, leniently)
Ever done any missing person's work?

ROSS
Spent much time in the city?
(to others)
You see, I have to wonder -- speaking frankly; the Sergeant knows I'm only speaking frankly --

CABLE
You wonder why we thought of Klute? Frankly? He's interested.

7 INT/EXT WIDE SHOT: PENNSYLVANIA COUNTRYSIDE DAY

Verdant Pennsylvania farmland. Early morning. Near at hand an open field set about with bee hutches and patched with mist.

A FIGURE, a shadow (Klute's actually) moves across frame from the left, blanking in. We reorient to --

8 INT BEDROOM: KLUTE'S HOUSE DAY

We see that we've been looking out from the bedroom window of this house. Klute turns to rolltop desk in bedroom and picture of Tom Grunemann, picture of Bree Daniel, and other material he has collected on the case. He puts them in his suitcase and closes the suitcase. He shuts rolltop desk.

9 INT KLUTE'S HOUSE DAY

We follow Klute through the house with suitcase. He puts away a last dish, shutting off water, gas, and electricity, and so on. -- takes a last look around -- reaches for the door handle. WE CUT TO --

10 INT COMMERCIAL AUDITION SOUND STAGE DAY

A section of wall, a door coming open -- and the FIGURE of BREE entering and standing. We have gone from the warm sunlight of the country to musty darkness.

She appears chic, poised, and perfect as a magazine picture. But as she gets used to the darkness and

10 CONTD

her eyes focus on a line of equally beautiful girls sitting and waiting in folding chairs along a wall, we see that she is a great deal less certain of demeanor. Assailable. WE CUT TO --

11 EXT KLUTE'S HOUSEYARD, HOUSE, BARN DAY

Klute, stepping out, closes, locks and checks the house door, then moves on to his car -- a vintage Plymouth -- and tosses in his suitcase; and then takes a last turn around the yard itself; props open the cover of a beehutch, and lets down the rail gate of a sidefield. He approaches to roll shut his barn door -- and on this action we CUT again TO --

12 INT COMMERCIAL AUDITION SOUNDSTAGE DAY

DIRECTOR (O.S.)
(hastily)
Honey, no, we don't have too many.

She slaps the cup down, hurls herself forward -- SWISH PAN -- onto a MALE ACTOR, thrusting him down to the floor, her hands at his throat. As we WIDEN TO INCLUDE DIRECTOR AND MORE OF SCENE, and as the Director reads from script, supplying a narrator voice --

DIRECTOR
Now before it comes to that, let's have a look, et cetera, et cetera -- OK --

Bree and the Male Actor relax slightly, as --

ANGLE TO REVEAL ROOM, OTHERS

We re-establish the scene -- a few pieces of film equipment -- and the congery of other ACTORS and ACTRESSES preparing to read for parts. As the Director approaches, counsels Bree -- all of this quick and consecutive --

DIRECTOR
-- Honey you make it look a little real. It should have, you know, that <u>fun</u> to it.

(beat)

12 CONTD

BREE
Strangle him to death funny?

DIRECTOR
Well we go from this into stomach diagrams. It can't be too -- look let's try it again from --

-- but then he glances at his watch, and at the others waiting their turn.

DIRECTOR
(continues)
No -- just give us the faces at the end, would you?

Bree and the Male Actor set their cheeks together, beaming half-moon smiles to camera, hold it for a moment, as the Director reads again --

DIRECTOR
(reads)
-- And another family saved by Elso-tablets. OK --
(brightly)
-- Thank you very much.

-- and holds out his hands for their scripts, at the same time as he summons from a list in his other hand -

DIRECTOR
(continues)
Pierce -- Danner --

BREE passes a new group of beautiful girls sitting in line waiting their turn as she exits as brightly as possible.

13 EXT NEW YORK SIDEWALK: PEDESTRIANS DAY

They trudge along the sidewalk -- the herd, the late-afternoon crush. A LONG-LENS shot, the crowd compacted. We see BREE milling along with the rest. She maneuvers to a sidewalk PHONE BOOTH, enters. We see her deposit, dial.

14 INT PHONE BOOTH, BREE DAY

She is connected (to her registry).

14 CONTD

BREE
Bree Daniel, any messages?
(waits -- none)
OK, thanks.

She waits for a moment. Then makes a curious, small gesture of her hand -- deposits another dime, dials again, is answered.

BREE
(continued)
Trina? Bree. Do I? Oh no, just a commercial I thought I might get, that's all.
(quickly, more brightly)
Well I'd take a quick thirty, hon. Do you have a commuter for me? Wait.

As she prepares to write it down, we CUT BACK TO --

15 EXT KLUTE'S HOUSEYARD: KLUTE DAY

Klute finishes rolling shut, and padlocks, the barn door. He returns to his car, sits in (leaving door open) starts engine. Again -- one last time -- the look around. Then he pulls the door shut, pulls out. And on this we CUT TO --

16 INT HOTEL CORRIDOR DAY

A GROUP -- middle-aged Couple, Child, Bellman with suitcases -- wait to descend in elevator as BREE gets off. We TRACK with her along corridor to a door. She checks number and knocks.

REVERSE: THROUGH DOOR TO BREE

A MAN opens the door. We neither see or hear him clearly -- he is foreground, defocused. His shirt is untucked. Bree cocks her head, greets him cutely.

BREE
Hullo.

He mumbles some kind of greeting, steps back. She pauses a moment in the door (casing, instantly) -- then quite confident, friendly, provocative all at once --

16 CONTD

BREE
(continued)
Ooh, I knew I'd like you.

-- and CUT TO --

17 EXT CENTER OF TOWN: KLUTE DRIVING DAY

Klute's car draws through the business section of town, moves on --

18 INT HOTEL ROOM: BREE DAY

C.U. BREE (the Man out of frame and unheard-from) as she bargains gaily -- and at the same time a little watchfully.

BREE
Lover, that's got to be a little extra. I mean it sounds very exciting, what you speak of, you've got me all excited. But something special like that, you know it's got to cost a little more, mm?

-- and CUT TO --

19 INT CAR: KLUTE DRIVING DAY

Klute has laid his jacket aside, rolled his sleeves, is eating the last of a vending machine sandwich. The CAR RADIO is on. He leans forward, tuning it from --

1st ANNC'R
(energetic)
--R - W - M, radio's voice is the Shippensburg Valley, on a beautiful clear warm Thurs--

-- to --

2nd ANNC'R
(rural)
-- Tucky Wonder Beans picking up a half cent over yesterday's price at --

-- and CUT TO --

20 INT C.U. ON BREE, MAN (HOTEL BED) DAY

The Man's face is buried against her neck, he labors over her. She cries out ecstatically, transportedly -- it would seem at the edge of orgasm --

BREE
Oh lover, oh it's too much -- oh you thrill me -- yes, like that, it's -- oh it's beautiful, oh --

-- and at the same time refers privately to her wristwatch. And CUT TO --

21 EXT WIDE SHOT: ACCESS RAMP OF TURNPIKE LUSH HILLY COUNTRY DAY
KLUTE'S CAR

As Klute's car drives onto the turnpike surrounded by green country, we ZOOM into a close shot of Klute through the windshield of his car. And then in what seems like a continuous shot we ZOOM back to a wide

22 angle revealing Klute caught in the endless line of cars in a typical traffic jam at the entrance to New York City, surrounded by smoggy, grey, urban skies.

23 CITY MULTILAYERED PARKING BUILDING KLUTE'S CAR NIGHT

KLUTE sits inside his car as it is mechanically lifted into the air. It looks as if he is being manipulated by a robot.

24 EXT STREET: OUTSIDE THE BROWNSTONE NIGHT

BREE moves along street, returning home, apprehensive of the one or two other distant FIGURES. She turns in at one of the Brownstones.

25 INT STAIRWELL OF BROWNSTONE NIGHT

We watch Bree as she mounts to the top floor, the door of her apartment, barren, isolated, frightened.

26 INT BREE'S APT. NIGHT

BREE unlocks the door, switches on a light, cases the apartment for a moment before entering, securing chain lock, putting aside her things. There is a RECORD PLAYER near the first interior doorway. She switches

26 CONTD

it as she moves by. By the time the first record has dropped, she has the shower turned on, is getting rid of her dress. We CUT BACK TO --

27 EXT EMPTY STREET: KLUTE NIGHT

Klute walks, as before, carrying his suitcase. We see him slow, concernedly looking toward --

28 INT BREE'S APT: ON BREE NIGHT

Bree sits on a studio couch, near the record player, with a QUILT huddled over and around her, her back against the wall. The MUSIC is classical, curiously -- the sound of a HARPSICHORD. She is more or less expressionless -- but trembling violently, shaking.

29 FRONT WINDOW SIGN BEING REMOVED WHICH READS FOR RENT - STORE - INQUIRE CRANICZ DAY

30 INT BREE APT: BREE DAY

Bree moves about energetically, preparing to set out on rounds. A KNOCK on the door. She startled, then approaches to door, to peep-hole, lifts lid aside.

31 THROUGH PEEPHOLE TO KLUTE FACE

Klute's face is somewhat distorted by the peephole lens; he is gazing mildly about the landing.

BREE

BREE
(through door, curtly)
What is it?

KLUTE
(outside)
Miss Daniel? My name is Klute -- John Klute --

She turns the door handle, parts the door about three inches, looks through at him. He starts to enter.

32 KLUTE

KLUTE
(continued)
Can I talk to you?

-- and the door crunches against its chain-lock. He stops perforce, a bit startled. A pause. A slice of Bree's face looks coldly out at him. He summons a smile.

BREE
What about?

KLUTE
My name's John Klute.

BREE
You said that.

KLUTE
I'm an investigator. I'd like to ask you some questions about Tom Grunemann.

She tightens again.

BREE
Who?

KLUTE
Tom Grunemann. He wrote you some letters.

BREE
(innocently)
Gee.

KLUTE
He was a research engineer at the Tuscarora Laboratories in Pennsylvania. He disappeared from there last April. I've been hired to look for him.

BREE
Why?

KLUTE
You know what I'm talking about. Miss Daniel.

32 CONTD (2)

BREE

Honest?

KLUTE

Will you let me ask you some questions?

BREE

(gumbo-southern)

Dew yew hayuv ah-dentifikyshun?

He takes out a folded letter and a wallet and passes them both through to her. Silence. She examines them with care, then appears to soften a little; even smiles slightly.

BREE

You're not police or FBI; you're just a private investigator?

KLUTE

Mm.

BREE

And you just want to ask me a few questions?

KLUTE

Mm.

She smiles again, hands the letter and wallet back out, closes the door (doesn't slam, just closes). Klute looks at it blankly for a time, starts to knock again, decides not to -- turns and descends the stairs.

BREE

Bree listens through the door to his departing footsteps. They fade from hearing. She hastens to assemble her properties.

33 EXT FRONT DOOR DAY

Klute comes out door and descends the stairs at the same even pace -- he walks into the vacant store below.

34 INT BASEMENT STORE DAY

It had once been a Boutique that sold hippy clothes. There are some psychedelic posters and a few other remnants of its former identity. Klute's suitcase is propped open on a cot behind a counter. The ceilings are low, forcing Klute to stoop as he enters. He seems out of place and out of scale. A case containing a tape recorder stands on the floor. On the table are a FOLDER of Klute's notes, and a paper shopping bag. Klute enters and deliberately resumes his settling in. From the paper bag he sets aside an electric FAN, then lifts out from the shopping bag a cheap tin ALARM CLOCK and begins winding it.

35 INT BREE'S APARTMENT DAY

Bree has shifted position to a window, is looking down at the street. She sees - and we hear - SOUND OF BUS APPROACHING, distantly. She grabs her properties, whips out the door.

36 EXT ON DOOR OF BROWNSTONE DAY

Bree skids to a stop just inside the door, scans quickly out in one direction then the other (in case Klute has been waiting in ambush on the sidewalk) then races -- PAN -- to BUS AT CURB -- makes it, pulls herself aboard --

37 INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT: KLUTE DAY

Klute has been watching from his window. We hear the BUS PULLING AWAY. He turns back, plugs in the electric fan. Then hoists the TAPE RECORDER, unsnaps the cover. We see clearly what it is.

38 INT AGENCY OFFICE DAY

BREE is showing her notebook to an AGENT. He leans forward courteously, occasionally stroking his forehead with his fingertips -- a nice man with a headache.

BREE
-- and I take acting classes
with Lee Tainter --

38 CONTD

AGENT
-- Lee, yes --

BREE
-- and I was in two of his productions, workshop-type productions, Uncle Vanya and the girl in Five Characters --
(indicates picture)
-- here -- and then of course I have the modeling and the demonstrator work, the trade-fair work -- but naturally I feel ready for something more, well you know, substan --

AGENT
Well thanks very much for coming in.

She starts for the door -- he's already turning away -- then ducks back, hands him one of her Glossies, laughing prettily at her own forgetfulness.

BREE
(beautifully -- the business)
Thank you very much.

39 EXT STREET DAY

Bree comes out, pauses with notebook to cross out, the call completed, checks the list of those remaining, sets forth again. We hear TRASK'S VOICE OVER, very quick, very clipped.

TRASK
(OVER)
Man, just a poor pretty little hooker, like to be an actress --

40 INT MISSING PERSONS BUREAU DAY

CLOSEUP photograph of a dead man. It is replaced with a series of photographs of dead men. CAMERA pulls back to reveal KLUTE flipping through the file of the unidentified dead.

TRASK voice over - continues

40 CONTD

TRASK
(continued)
What you lookin' to get from her? You think she's got Grunemann hid somewhere, the attic, feedin him soup? Or maybe he's hidin in a dark alley and he'll jump on her and you jump on him. And third place, even if she does know somethin' she's right, she don't have to talk to you. You don't have police power, you can't make her.

KLUTE closes the file.

KLUTE
That's a lot of people to die unknown.

TRASK
Unknown, unidentified and unwanted. And there's more every day man, there's more everyday.

As KLUTE slowly walks away we bring in TELEPHONE RING and BREE VOICE, OVER answering.

BREE VOICE
Bree Daniel.
(then)
Yeah, hi hon.

41 EXT BREE APT: NIGHT

Camera is looking up through lighted window outside at BREE on phone.

BREE
Oh hon, I just don't know. I'm trying to stay out of it.

42 EXT KLUTE APT: NIGHT

CAMERA pans down from BREE's window to KLUTE's window at the bottom revealing KLUTE at tape recorder. The TAPE RECORDER is going, its light winking. KLUTE holds its headset against one ear, makes a note or two. We hear BREE's and other GIRL'S VOICES, UNDER, FILTERED.

42 CONTD

GIRL'S VOICE
-- comes in with these other yulds maybe two or three times a year, and five big ones baby, just one evening.

BREE VOICE
Marta, thanks, and I'd love to party with you hon, but --

Klute sets down the headset (we drop the VOICES far under, INDISTINGUISHABLE), makes a note, and thumbs open the box of a fresh reel; the present reel is near the end. We establish a pile of ALREADY RECORDED TAPES. We CUT BACK TO --

43 INT BREE APT: BREE ON PHONE NIGHT

BREE
Well try to get someone else Marty and if I change my mind -- sure hon, bye.

She hangs up, starts away. The PHONE RINGS AGAIN. She tries to ignore it. It persists. She finally turns back to answer it, and we CUT TO --

44 INT CASTING OFFICE AD AGENCY DAY

CAMERA STARTS on huge photo montage of the Family of Man and pans down to a group of beautiful girls sitting on a bench below. They are dwarfed by the enormous picture. Each one clutches an almost identical portfolio of pictures in her lap. Camera pans down row of portfolios until it stops at BREE -- impatiently waiting her turn. WE CONTINUE THE TELEPHONE VOICES OVER, WILD TRACK STYLE. The MAN'S VOICE is thick with drink, and emotion. First the click, then --

BREE VOICE
Bree Daniel --

MAN'S VOICE
Oh God baby, oh God I really love you.

BREE VOICE
That's nice; who is this?

44 CONTD

MAN'S VOICE
I really love you baby, you know that?

A CLICK, and the MAN'S VOICE CONTINUING, trailing into helpless sobs --

MAN'S VOICE
(continued)
Hello? Hello? Oh my God, hello?

45 EXT STREET: BREE

Bree comes out from the building (note possible costume change; not necessarily consecutive action), checks off on her list continues on her way -- as we CONTINUE WILD TRACK STYLE VOICES. Starting with a CLICK and --

BREE VOICE
Bree Daniel.

2ND MAN'S VOICE
(nicely)
Bree -- Frank Hanley, you remember, Fayetterville?

BREE VOICE
Oh yeah, hi Frank, sure.

2nd MAN'S VOICE
Well I'm in town, like to see you.

BREE VOICE
Well Frank that's awful nice but I'm out of action, sort of, you know? --

We FADE THIS CONVERSATION UNDER BUT HOLD, CONTINUING, as --

BREE PASSES CAMERA -- and we PAN TO SHOT OF KLUTE, at corner, unseen by her and apparently in surveillance of her. Then he too turns out of frame, and we CUT TO --

46 INT PENN STATION DAY

CAMERA is looking down at an enormous gift package on a platform. There is a sound of a recorded fanfare

46 CONTD

and with the pull of a string the package is opened revealing a brand new LINCOLN CONTINENTAL CONVERTIBLE. People applaud and the car starts to revolve. At the wheel of the car [illegible] sits BREE. We CUT to a shot through the windshield of car --

47 BREE'S POV

A sea of staring faces revolves around her. We cross fade with SPANGLER VOICE OVER (as if recalling a case record).

SPANGLER
(over)
Bree Daniel, Caucasian, twenty eight, good physical health, no narcotics record, presenting an unusually strong personality some ways, high intelligence, a high bracket call girl.

48 EXT WOMEN'S PRISON ROOF - CAGED IN RECREATION AREA

SPANGLER, a prison psychiatrist, sits on a bench eating a sandwich partially wrapped in wax paper and sipping from a carton of milk. He is obviously a man pressed for time. KLUTE sits beside him. Across from them some prisoners are taking their exercise. Through the metallic netting that surrounds them, we see the skyline of New York City. It only dramatizes more the sense of being caged.

SPANGLER
(continued)
-- Usual case history -- this isn't a medical confidence, it's all of them -- broken family, lonely, confused, crummy childhood, early promiscuity, formal prostitution beginning in her teens, income twenty-five to thirty thousand a year.
(notes Klute's reaction)
Oh they don't keep the money: they get rid of it, they get pimps. Why?

43 CONTD

SPANGLER
(stabs at record)
Why do you want to know all this?

KLUTE
I want to know how Tom Grunemann got mixed up in it.

SPANGLER
Not unusual.

KLUTE
Did she talk about him to you?

SPANGLER
About his letters -- that's all she remembered. Quite violent material, I'd say, obsessive, a quite sick man. But that's not unusual either.

KLUTE
Has she talked with you since prison?

SPANGLER
No. She had every good intention of it -- coming to me as a private patient, getting out of the life, devoting herself to an acting career.

KLUTE
I think she's trying that.

SPANGLER
Oh sure they try. The idea of a better life. But they don't really know much about life: They get confused -- or scared or frustrated or bored -- they pop back to the one thing they can handle. The trick. The trick. Men in bed. Not men in general, not life, not love, not even real sex -- it avoids all that. Just the trick, the transaction.

49 INT PENN STATION DAY

POV world revolving around BREE through windshield of car. The circular motion slows down and then stops. Cut to BREE getting out of car and walking off platform. She looks a bit shaky. She is stopped by one of the spectators.

MAN
(tapping her)
We had a bet on - if you were real or not. I won.

She looks at him in disgust and crosses to phone booth.

50 INT PHONE BOOTH DAY

BREE
(on phone)
Marta --

51 INT CHURCH DISCOTHEQUE NIGHT

We are in the interior of what was once a church and is now a discotheque. Interior is painted purple; the record player stands on the altar over the crowd. Pews are massed around the dance floor. Stained glass windows are lighted from behind and are circled with light bulbs that flash on and off. For all of its obviously bizarre visual quality, there is a sense of relaxation. It is a late night gathering place of many who belong to the sexual underworld of the city.

BREE and the OTHER GIRL advance to a pew. A MAN sitting there (the other girl's pimp) with a THIRD GIRL. BREE's companion greet him shyly, tenderly: she and BREE sit down, join in conversation.

PULL BACK SLOWLY -- other pews, other girls and a few men, the sisterhood -- TO --

52 BAR AREA IN BACK (WHAT ONCE MUST HAVE BEEN THE VESTIBULE OF THE CHURCH)

Among the people around the bar, pimps, whores, and a sprinkling of hopeful Johns and curiosity seekers. The camera picks a familiar face: CABLE. He watches BREE with a mixture of amusement and contempt. A GIRL comes over to him and tries to proposition him.

52 CONTD

They appear to be discussing price. Just as she thinks it is set, he walks away.

53 INT KLUTE'S APT NIGHT

CLOSEUP photograph of TOM GRUNEMANN pinned to a large piece of beaverboard KLUTE has placed on a wall. CAMERA PANS over various pictures and pieces of evidence KLUTE has pinned up in an attempt to make some sense from the puzzle of TOM GRUNEMANN's disappearance. CAMERA PANS over to KLUTE sitting on cot looking up at the pieces of the puzzle. There is a heated TV dinner in front of him.

The TAPE RECORDER reels start turning (sound-powered), the recording light starts winding (as BREE, above, dials). KLUTE pays it scant attention -- he can catch up with the news anytime. He sits manfully in front of the TV dinner, starts peeling back the foil --

54 INT BREE'S APT: BREE NIGHT

She holds the phone, is answered. Her voice -- more natural, a little shy, a little covert.

BREE

Hi. Bree.
(is greeted)
Hi. Well I could come over tonight -- if you'd like -- if there's no one else.
(laughs diffidently)
I really want to just talk to you.

55 INT KLUTE'S APT: KLUTE NIGHT

The tape-recorder continues turning and winking as the conversation upstairs continues. KLUTE looks at TV dinner. He reaches for the headset of the tape-recorder, holds it loosely against one ear. He exhibits a measure of new interest. The TAPE RECORDER stops running. He immediately rewinds, and starts listening through it again. We CUT TO --

56 EXT GARMENT DISTRICT NIGHT

Large, dark buildings -- a DIM-LIGHTED WINDOW showing at an upper floor of one -- the street otherwise by and large deserted. A TAXI draws in, a FIGURE IN EVENING DRESS (Bree) gets out, approaches the building, glances around, either secretly or apprehensively -- presses a buzzer, waits, gets answering CLICKS, enters the dark hallway of the building, starts upstairs.

57 EXT ACROSS THE STREET NIGHT

KLUTE shifts into view, looking in the direction Bree's gone, a little puzzled all in all. He doesn't immediately follow; he waits.

58 INT GARMENT BUILDING CUTTING ROOMS NIGHT

We look past RACKS OF CLOTHING, as BREE arrives up the dark stairway into dark rooms -- the scene, mysterious, a little sinister. She seems fearful of it herself, advances slowly, looking around, calls -- a little sinister. She seems fearful of it herself, advances slowly, looking around, calls --

BREE
Hi? --

ANGLE PAST MR. FABER, TO BREE

Mr. Faber is SILHOUETTED for a moment, standing, watching her, from along an alleyway of garments. She sees him, is startled then relieved.

BREE
Oh --

He moves toward her.

REVERSE ANGLE, TO MR. FABER

Mr. Faber is a man of 65 or so, rather handsome, and for this occasion very spruce, very erect, very nattily turned out. Bree complains cheerfully.

BREE
You scared me, Mr. Faber.

He smiles, kisses her cheek, tests the fabric of her evening dress -- (in passing, as a matter of expertise).

58 CONTD

MR. FABER
Good material, not too good cut. I'd do better for you.

Then he turns, lifts down a WOMAN'S DRESS CAPE, carrying it -- graciously gestures her to precede him --

CORNER OF CUTTING ROOM

A dim pool of light here. A private area here, sectioned off by rows of garments. A couch, rug, coffee table, a chair or two -- a place for Buyers to take their ease. BREE and MR. FABER enter. Her manner is suddenly elegant, assured, regal; his befits a man of the world. He fits the cloak around her shoulders and gestures to the couch; she sits. He pours a glass of wine for her, for himself. She speaks with a neat continental accent -- doing it fairly well, really -- a member of the international set.

BREE
Oh thank you.

He sits in the chair opposite, sips his wine.

MR. FABER
Enjoy.
(then)
Well --

BREE
(diffident)
It's good to see you. Well -- could we do it first and then just talk?

MR. FABER
Sure dear, yes.

BREE
Well -- well I'm just back. And -- I must tell you -- something quite wonderful.

MR. FABER
(intently)
Yes?

58 CONTD (2)

BREE
And Cannes was quite fun, quite; and we played baccarat and chemin-de-fer and there was a nice little Italian marquis quite enthusiastic for me -- but a young man can be so silly --

MR. FABER
Mm.

BREE
And then one night -- at the gaming tables -- well I just saw him. A stranger -- looking at me -- and I knew suddenly that all my life I'd been --

She hesitates strangely, her fingers at the neck of the cape. Faintly --

BREE
(continued)
-- May I? It's so --

MR. FABER
(quickly)
Please --

She stands, unloosing the cloak, letting it fall on the couch. But she doesn't sit again -- begins to move here and there about the enclosure, her hands wandering about her dress and body -- an erotic restlessness.

BREE
Not young; he wasn't young -- gray at the temples, he -- well actually he looked like you.

MR. FABER
(tensely)
Yes?

BREE
And nobody could tell me who he was -- an exiled prince or a mercenary or a bullfighter or -- but I felt it stirring inside me, this -- this wild, pagan feeling --

59 EXT GARMENT BUILDING DOOR NIGHT

KLUTE arrives from across the street. It takes him a while (with a 'loid' probably) to slip the lock. He eases the door open, moves inside --

60 INT CORNER OF CUTTING ROOM: BREE NIGHT

BREE is farther along in her narrative, more fervent in manner. MR. FABER sits at the edge of his seat, ducking his head now and then in pleasure, but making no move to molest her.

BREE
And next day at the beach -- our beach pavilion -- I saw him again, his eyes burning into me. I was helpless. Without his even speaking to me, without his even touching, I knew that somehow -- somehow --

-- She casts away an accessory garment. Mr. Faber burns her with his eyes --

61 INT GARMENT BUILDING, CUTTING ROOMS NIGHT

KLUTE mounts into view at the head of the stairs, prowls along the aisles of clothing, looking -- sees --

62 POV PAST GARMENT RACKS TO MR. FABER

Klute sees Mr. Faber first -- clearly a senior citizen -- sitting transfixed, fastened in some private dream. Then BREE drifts into view -- stands -- lets fall the evening dress about her ankles, poses -- drifts out of view again --

63 KLUTE

Klute watches in that direction a moment longer. In his expression a certain curiosity -- a prurience -- but rather more strongly, disappointment, a measure of disgust. Not his affair. He turns away from it, into camera, and --

64 EXT BREE'S BROWNSTONE NIGHT

Near the entrance, outside the door to KLUTE's apartment below. We open on BREE. She shouts angrily, miserably --

BREE
Whyn't you just cut out?

We WIDEN TO INCLUDE KLUTE. Now she begins to get it. He turns, opens door to his room below. She comes slowly down steps.

65 INT KLUTE'S ROOM DAY

She steps in the door, looks slowly around at his various appurtenances -- the bed, the necktie over the mirror, etc. -- and then, the TAPE RECORDER and then the STACK OF TAPE BOXES. Softly, venomously --

BREE
Oh you bastard.

But then she adjusts -- a frightened but matter-of-fact hooker --

BREE
(continued)
Is it the shakedown hon? You picked a loser, I just don't have it.

KLUTE
No, I'm look --

BREE
(vehemently again)
If I was taking calls full time would I be living in this kip? I'd be back on Park Avenue; I could support the whole National Guard!

KLUTE
(gestures upward)
Could I ask some questions?

BREE
Or you'll get me shoved back in the brig you mean; another month with the bull-dykes.

65 CONTD

She seems to have expressed it; the balance of power. She turns, goes out, heads upstairs. Klute unhurriedly takes up his folder of notes, then follows.

66 INT BREE'S APT. NIGHT

Bree disposes her belongings. Klute moves to table. There is a group of plants on the table that long since died of neglect. He notices them and the disorganization of the room without comment, opens his folder, rummages for the photographs. Then, exasperatedly --

BREE
Look, I told the police everything: I don't even remember the schlub!

Klute doesn't respond. Klute sets out a photograph for her to look at.

67 INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH, TOM GRUNEMANN

68 KLUTE, BREE

BREE
They showed me that one. I understand it's Grunemann, but I told them, I just don't remember.

Klute tosses down a second photograph.

69 INSERT: SECOND PHOTOGRAPH

Tom Grunemann, Elaine Grunemann, two daughters.

70 BREE, KLUTE

BREE
(continued, cool)
A family sort of man.

Klute grunts, meaning 'yes'. She echoes his grunt, meaning we don't know what. He tosses another --

71 INSERT: WIDE PHOTOGRAPH - COMPANY PICNIC

An everybody-over-here, fellow-employees, sort of picture. (Including the figures of Streiger and Cable among many others, male and female.) The usual impedimenta -- picnic baskets, balls, bats, a held sign: 'Tole-American'. KLUTE'S FINGER indicates --

KLUTE
(over)
-- Tom again.

72 KLUTE, BREE

She looks at the picture briefly, at him questioningly.

KLUTE
(continued)
Company outing or picnic or something like that.

BREE
Isn't that sweet.
(then)
Well it could be any one of them bubi; I get to see them all.

She separates from Klute, around the table (but remains standing, restless). Klute puts photo aside, prepares to take notes, as she pleads --

BREE
(continued)
Look -- please -- will you just try to get it from my side? A year ago. I was in the life full-time. I was living on Park with leather furniture and a million dresses. Then they dropped on me, the fuzz, they caged me -- they started asking me about a man, some man, I'm supposed to have seen a year before <u>that</u>. Two years ago, <u>two</u>. He could be in Yemen!

She waits for Klute to respond -- he doodles permissively on his pad of paper -- she goes on.

BREE
(continued)
A name. Grunemann. Nothing. And they showed me pictures

72 CONTD

BREE
(continued)
like this and they meant nothing. Then they asked me, well had I been getting letters, from some-one out there in Cabbageville --

KLUTE
-- Tuscarora --

BREE
All right, yes, I had been. Those sick, wild letters -- I'm watching you, gonna follow you, gonna punish you, kill you et cetera. Well, they said, all right that's Grunemann. So try to remember when you and he -- when -- well I don't know, there was that dumper once, he sounded like that dumper --
(explains)
Dumpers; they get their kicks beating you up. A man hired me once, then tried to really kill me -- that'd be about two years ago.

Without warning she wheels to the open window, and shouts out full-voiced -- both startling and somewhat intriguing Klute --

BREE
(continued, shouts)
OK Tommy-baby, Allie-Allie-in-free kid, I got the gumdrops.

Turns around again, to Klute. Cheerfully --

BREE
(continued)
You remind me of my uncle.

KLUTE
What?
(then -- )
What do you remember about that -- dumper?

72 CONTD (2)

BREE
Nothing. Except he wasn't kidding. Usually it's a fakeout, you probably know. They pretend to tie you up, and you wear a dress with a cloth belt and they pretend to whip you or you --
(beat)
Hell it's their money. I'll hang from the shower rod and whistle Maytime. Except this guy was really tripped out on it; he --

KLUTE
But you can't say that Dumper was Tom Grunemann.

BREE
I can't say he was anybody!

A brief pause. Klute sorts his notes. She may take it that he's packing to leave -- hopes so anyhow. For an instant we see the undefended girl underneath --

BREE
(continued)
So -- OK -- that's all?

Then again she changes manner -- remembering a practical problem, approaching it as a matter-of-fact hooker.

BREE
(continued)
Well could I have them back now hon? -- those tape recordings you've got downstairs -- OK? -- and if you want you can have a good time and I'll have a good time and --

KLUTE
What about everything since?

She draws back again. Up to now she's been reasonably on top of things. Starting now we see her driven toward the things she'd <u>really</u> rather not talk about -- and increasingly more shaken.

72 CONTD (3)

KLUTE
(continued, prompts)
Everything that's happened since Tom Grunemann disappeared. The phone calls and the --

BREE
Just phone calls, right? They ring, you answer, they don't say anything, just blank. Kids getting kicks. Burglars looking for an empty apartment. I mean there's nothing that proves --

KLUTE
What about the other things you've reported? --
(consulting notes)
-- being followed on the --

BREE
(interrupts -- awkwardly -- )
Look -- I'm sorry -- I've led everybody wrong. I mean yes, I get those feelings, but that's just me, that's just feelings.
(beat)
I'm sure this will amuse you; I'm scared of the dark. And sometimes I get shook up, I hear people or -- well, I'll come out in the morning and think someone's been prying at my mailbox, or there's a little -- trash outside my door and I wonder if someone left it there for -- do you see? -- things other people wouldn't even notice. Well that's not real, it's just nerves; it's got nothing to do with --

The PHONE RINGS. She startles. Then approaches with some difficulty -- but then answers with complete calm in her Smith-girl voice.

BREE
Bree Daniel.
(listens. Brightly)
Oh yes, Ted Carlin, how is Ted?

72 CONTD (4)

BREE
(continued, listens)
Oh, well, thank you very much but maybe the next time you're in town?
(listens)
Well I just love Ted and I'd love to meet you -- you have a very nice voice -- but I just --
(listens, grows impatient)
Well I'm having a chat with a very nice cop. Actually not a real cop; he's a private inves --

A BUZZING from the phone; the connection abruptly broken. She hangs up, recites.

KLUTE
Is that how you get most of your dates? Someone gives your name to someone else?

BREE
Most of them.

KLUTE
Is that how you met the Dumper? -- Someone else gave --

BREE
How would I remember?

KLUTE
How else do you meet them? Pimps?
(a beat)

BREE
(patient)
You're very square. Pimps don't get you dates, cookie; they just take the money.

Klute takes up the slip of paper previously given him by Trask. In the same manner as before --

KLUTE
I have some names the police gave me. Frank Ligourin. Will you tell me what --

72 CONTD (5)

BREE
(trembling)
Look, I'm sure this'll amuse you too. I'm trying to get away from all that.

KLUTE
What about the old gentleman the other night, Mr. Faber?

She freezes again, looking at him. Then savagely --

BREE
You saw that, goddamn you? You saw it? He's seventy. His wife's dead. He started cutting garments at fourteen. His whole life, he's maybe had a week's vacation, I'm all he has and he never, never touches me, and what harm in it, what --

She chokes -- then goes on --

BREE
(continued)
Klute, tell me, what's your bag? Are you a talker, or a button man or a doubler, or maybe you like them very young -- children -- or get your chest walked around with high-heeled shoes, or have us watch you tinkle? Or --

KLUTE
(under)
-- OK --

BREE
-- You want to wear women's clothes, or you get off ripping things --

She grabs up the company picture, raging on --

BREE
(continued)
-- you perverted hypocrite square bastards,

KLUTE
OK.

72 CONTD (6)

Something in his inflection -- very slight -- cautions her. She falls silent as suddenly as she began. Then cheerfully --

BREE
Gee I hope this doesn't make my cold any worse.

KLUTE
Tell me about Frank Ligourin.

BREE
(casual, pleasant)
Mm? Oh, he was my old man. We broke up.

She wanders away toward a bureau. Her shirt seems to itch her; she scratches her ribs. Then opens drawer, takes out a different shirt as --

KLUTE
When?
(beat)
When did you and Ligourin break up?

She pulls off her shirt, unhooks her brassiere and discards it, apparently quite un-self-conscious. Klute reacts; then, carefully maintaining his cool --

KLUTE
(continued)
Mind not doing that?

She turns to him in total innocence, holding the shirt rather carelessly in front of her -- a new attack.

BREE
What? This?

KLUTE
-- OK?

BREE
(ingenuously)
I thought you could trick me for those tapes. Don't you get lonely in that little green room? Or let me get you some-one; I have terrific friends, wild.

72 CONTD (7)

KLUTE
No thanks.

At this point -- or about this point -- Klute takes note of something. A little above her. He grows more watchful, but containing it carefully. We don't understand the change in his manner -- or even notice; she doesn't. In mock dismay --

BREE
Gee. I've had men pay two hundred dollars for me -- here, you're turning down a freebie.
(pause)
You can get a perfectly good dishwasher for that.

He has risen, is approaching her slowly -- carrying his notes as if to check something. She is hopeful again --

BREE
(continued)
You've changed your mind? You do want to play?

KLUTE
(quietly, steadily)
I don't want you to look up. There's someone on the skylight.

She gasps, terrified -- immediately -- almost beyond control. He taps the pencil on his notes.

KLUTE
(continued)
Easy -- pretend you're looking here --
(more insistently)
-- here.

She manages to take hold of a corner of the notes, trembling. He goes on --

KLUTE
(continued)
Now I'm going to walk around -- you just keep talking, straight through, straight through.

72 CONTD (8)

He strolls away from her. His destination is the area of the door -- out of view from the skylight -- from where he can head for the roof. But he doesn't head that way directly -- first takes a turn in another direction, his bearing casual. Prompting --

KLUTE
(continued)
Tell me about acting -- what are you doing tomorrow -- where do you go?

BREE
(manages, barely)
I go on rounds.

KLUTE
Rounds, what are they? -- don't-watch-me, keep talking.

BREE
You go see agents -- or Equity calls, open casting calls. And ad agencies -- commercials -- you don't get work, you just go around.

Klute has strolled out of view from above -- instantly flattens himself against the wall, eases the door open, about to slip and charge. As Bree labors on --

BREE
(continued)
And they're always polite -- show people -- they say thank you very much. You lie there covered with blood, smiling, they say --

73 INT. LANDING AND LADDER TO ROOF NIGHT

FOOTSTEPS across the roof above, as the watcher discovers Klute's ruse. Klute opens the door -- climbs ladder to roof.

74 EXT ROOFTOPS NIGHT

-- Klute out, looking around --

75 EXT ROOFTOPS: PAST KLUTE TO FLEEING FIGURE NIGHT

The figure -- the man -- scissoring over the low walls where one brownstone joins another. Klute gives chase -- over ridges, past water tanks, oddments of roof furniture --

76 EXT SEVERAL ROOFTOPS BEYOND NIGHT

The FIGURE races to a roof door disappearing into abandoned building.

77 INT STAIRWELL ABANDONED BUILDING

CAMERA follows KLUTE as he cautiously makes his way down the stairwell of the boarded up old brownstone. He gets to the first floor. He can see no exit in the building. He opens door that leads to a narrow staircase into the cellar.

78 CELLAR ABANDONED BROWNSTONE

It is as black as a dungeon and as low. He lights a match, but sees no one. There is a sound of movement coming from the floor above. He runs up the steps to the floor above and sees a very faint light coming through one of the closed apartment doors. Carefully takes out a gun and then with one quick movement he breaks through the door.

79 INT ABANDONED APARTMENT

The walls, ceiling, floors are entirely covered with crudely painted psychedelic signs and sayings. The room is lighted by some candles stuck in bottles. Sitting on a blanket on the floor are several teenaged boys and girls having a pot party. They have obviously made a clubhouse for themselves in the abandoned house. It is a MOOT POINT whether they or KLUTE is more stunned at the sight that faces them. He puts his gun away in embarrassment. Again he has been made to feel like an awkward peeping tom in this hidden world of the city.

80 INT CELLAR ABANDONED BUILDING

CAMERA wanders restlessly through the blackness and stops at a pinpoint of light coming through a low

80 CONTD

door. CAMERA goes through opening into long narrow furnace room with the ceiling so low that an ordinary man could not stand up. We hear the sound of breathing. CAMERA follows the sound through the darkness revealing a sweaty man huddled in the corner looking like some strange animal from a painting by Bosch. It is Cable.

81 INT BREE'S APT. NIGHT

Bree has wrapped herself in the quilt -- standing up against a corner shivering, immobilized. We hear KLUTE'S FOOTSTEPS DESCENDING -- she flinches -- he enters.

KLUTE
I couldn't get him.

He sees her condition. Gently --

KLUTE
(continued)
It's all right.

He reaches to touch her -- she quails away from him.

BREE
Well do you think it was <u>him</u>?

KLUTE
What do <u>you</u> think?

BREE
Can't you <u>get</u> him?

KLUTE
Maybe, if you tell me the things you haven't.

BREE
(pause)
You asked me where I got that date with the dumper -- Frank sent me on it.

KLUTE
Do you know where he got the dumper?

81 CONTD

BREE
He never told me.

KLUTE
Well, let's go down and ask him.

82 EXT CENTRAL PARK WEST BUILDINGS DAY

A shot catching the edge of CENTRAL PARK itself -- our first small view of greenery -- to the tall, be-limousined APARTMENT BUILDINGS OF C.P.W. The FIGURES OF KLUTE, BREE walking upstreet, turning under one of the canopies -- (Klute carries a zipper book-case).

83 INT APARTMENT HOUSE LOBBY - ON DOORMAN AT PHONE DAY

The DOORMAN hangs up the brass house-phone, smiles and gestures them graciously into the (self-service) ELEVATOR. We see Klute -- without making too much of it -- taking in the mirrors and marble-work.

84 INT ELEVATOR (MOVING): KLUTE, BREE

She breaks the silence.

BREE
What did you expect? Frankie still has a good string, three girls. Figure three hundred a week from each.

KLUTE
Is that what you gave him?

Silence.

85 INT LIGOURIN'S APT: ON DOOR DAY

The BUZZER sounding, FRANK LIGOURIN crossing to open the door for BREE, KLUTE. Cheerful, hospitable, nice, unpretentious.

FRANK
Bree -- hi -- come in, come in.

85 CONTD

The point of this one brief shot -- Bree's face -- in the instant after Frank has spoken and before she enters, with Klute following. Her half-second of hesitation. This is someone who gets to her somehow -- probably always will.

WIDER LIGOURIN'S APT: THREESHOT DAY

The apartment is as expected -- but not overdone; a certain small amount of someone-lives-here litter. A few, large but not very good, ABSTRACTIONS on the walls. There is a large TABLE covered over with photographs and mock-ups of magazine pages, a felt-board or easel with lettering samples -- Frank's props really.

BREE
Frank -- Klute.

FRANK
(shakes hands)
Hi. Come in.
(leads them in, indicating table)
I was just catching up some work -- mocking up the photographs.
(to Klute)
I used to be a photographer myself -- Bree tell you? -- Before I got in the publishing.

BREE
Frank, he knows you're a pimp. He knows you were my pimp.

Short silence. Then with the tact of a gentleman dealing with rude, difficult woman --

FRANK
Well Bree, maybe you'd rather --

He gestures gently to indicate outside. She nods once. He escorts her in that direction, OUT the door, closing it behind them.

86 INT HALLWAY OUTSIDE LIGOURIN'S APT. DAY

He escorts her to the elevator, pushes the down button for her. In silence so far. Then, quietly -- as one who knows the other's thoughts --

86 CONTD

FRANK
How's it been?

She shrugs a shoulder at him, looks away. He goes on in the same quiet voice.

FRANK
(continued)
With me Bree it's eternally the same. Toward you. I guess you know that.

BREE
Yeah Frank, I know that.

She yanks at the elevator doors. But the elevator's not here yet. She turns away sharply into the door marked "Stairway". He turns back to his apartment.

87 INT LIGOURIN'S APT. DAY

Frank re-enters, with the calm smile of troop-chaplain.

FRANK
I've always respected Bree.
(then)
I'd like to make something clear.

KLUTE
I've just got a few --

FRANK
I'd like to make something clear. I don't go after a girl; a girl comes to me. Her choice. Right?

He gestures Klute to one chair, sits in another, waits calmly, attentively.

KLUTE
I'm looking for a man. Tom Grunemann.
(no response, whatever)
Bree thinks he may have been the dumper -- that call she had two years ago. She says you sent her on it.

FRANK
Two years ago? Sorry.

87 CONTD

KLUTE
They tell me you use narcotics. Could I bring someone around to look at your arms?

FRANK
Look -- dad -- I may stand better with the cops than you.

Klute waits.

FRANK
(continued)
OK, a family matter. Between the girls. I had two other cows --
(corrects himself)
-- two other girls besides Bree.

KLUTE
She told me.

FRANK
OK and one of them -- Jane McKenna -- she blows a little jealous of Bree -- you know? -- Bree comes first? And evidently she knew the freak -- that he was a dumper -- she conned me into passing him to Bree, you know, so Bree'd get hurt. I didn't know. Till afterwards.

KLUTE
Why didn't you tell Bree, afterwards?

FRANK
(a little shocked)
You don't tell them. That one of their own in-laws laid a dumper on them?
(shakes head)
Peace in the family.
(pause)
Beyond that, I don't know. All she wrote.

KLUTE
I'd like to talk with Jane McKenna.

87 CONTD (2)

FRANK
(smiles)
Would I be telling you all this? She copped out long ago. She committed suicide Baxter.

88 INT. APT. HOUSE LOBBY: BREE DAY

BREE sits, looks with curiosity at housewives her age -- bringing their children in from the park, as if trying to imagine what their lives could be like. KLUTE emerges from elevator.

89 EXT STREET, TWO SHOT DAY

BREE
Did you like my friend Frankie?

KLUTE
No.

BREE
Didn't he tell you what you wanted?

KLUTE
It didn't go anywhere.
(then)
But that's not why --

BREE
About the dumper, didn't he tell you that?

KLUTE
It was Jane McKenna who sent you the dumper.

BREE
(coldly)
Well -- she's dead.

At the corner he slows, starts unzipping his book-case as if indicating a change of route.

BREE
(continued)
I thought you were going back to the apartment.

89 CONTD

KLUTE
(he shakes his head)
You said you wanted these.

He hands over the TAPE-REELS.

BREE
Oh golly, oh just what I've always dreamed of, dirty phone calls.
(then)
How come?

KLUTE
You told me what you could I guess I'm through with your part of it.

BREE
(grudgingly)
Is there anything more I could --

KLUTE
I don't see anything do you?

BREE
What're you gonna do next?

KLUTE
Try some other ways.
(starts off)

BREE
What do I do meanwhile? -- wait for that clown to fall through the skylight on me?

KLUTE
And I don't think that was Tom.

BREE
You said it <u>was</u>!

KLUTE
No, I said what did you think.

BREE
Oh -- wait -- oh I get it. You said that just to keep me scared. So I'd tell you everything I -- oh clever; oh you smart, tricky hick.

89 CONTD (2)

KLUTE
Well --

BREE
(harshly)
Hey, but did we get to you, Klute? A little?

KLUTE
Yeah, you got to me.

BREE
-- Us city folks? The sin, the glitter, the wickedness?

KLUTE
Oh. No. Not that way. I'd say it was more -- I don't know --
(hunts the word)
-- too bad? Pathetic?

BREE
Goodbye.

She turns smartly away, deposits the tapes in passing in a litter box, departs. Klute looks after her for a moment, then turns on his way. Then --

90 EXT POV THROUGH LITTERBOX IN FOREGROUND TO POV OF FIGURES OF KLUTE, BREE DAY

This shot holds both in view for a moment, until they both disappear separately in the traffic. CAMERA moves in slightly on litterbox as a man's hand comes into frame and removes the tapes.

91 INT. KLUTE'S APT: KLUTE NIGHT

Klute, in pajama bottoms, lies in bed. A miserably hot humid night. KNOCK at the door. He answers. BREE stands in the doorway in bare feet.

BREE
What the hell do you mean, pathetic?

She walks in past him, sits down on the edge of his bed.

91 CONTD

KLUTE
It's kind of late.

BREE
It got lonely upstairs. There's someone on the roof.

He takes her seriously, starts to move.

BREE
(continued)
Oh, don't be a doo-doo.

KLUTE
Not much point to this is there?

BREE
(placidly)
Ezra, I'm lots better than you're used to. Tell me -- the other night, watching me with Mr. Faber -- wasn't your tongue a little bit hanging out?

KLUTE
Mm.

BREE
So you're not too different from him, or the chap on the roof, or Tommy-baby --

He starts for the bed, as if to lift her onto her feet. She takes off her robe and swings her legs up, and under the sheet.

BREE
(continued)
Look, if you don't use it somebody else just will. And you've done your whole bit with me, your entire duty, and so now this is my thing. So enjoy, Mr. Faber would say, enjoy.

Under the sheet she unlooses her pajama bottoms, kicks them away, starts unbuttoning the shirt.

KLUTE
Bree -- thanks -- I don't want to.

91 CONTD (2)

BREE
Oh don't be all hypocrite. Or do you really like other kicks? Is it more just having power over someone? -- so you don't really need to --

He tries to rebutton the pajama shirt. She catches his hand, thrusts it underneath. In grief and anger --

BREE
(continued)
Who the hell are you, buttoning me up?

QUICK DISSOLVE --

92 UPSHOT, C.U.

Their bodies lock together descending toward camera --

DISSOLVE --

93 DOWNSHOT, C.U. SAME ACTION

Her hands slide about his shoulders. She is laughing softly, affectionately, mockingly --

BREE
(continued)
I knew it, I knew it, a killer.

DISSOLVE --

94 C.U., HER FACE

-- triumphantly, contemptuously, orgiastically --

BREE
(continued)
Oh lover -- oh you thrill me -- oh, it's beautiful -- oh yes, yes -- oh like that, like that, yes --

DISSOLVE --

95 FACES

Klute gasps deeply -- entering orgasm. As soon as she hears it, judges it, she drops her hands from his shoulders, stills her own movements, lies utterly passive, smiling calmly, letting him finish for himself. He can't stop -- cries out -- cries out again, burying his face against her -- is done.

Then he slowly raises up, shuddering, looking down at her. He knows what she's done to him, is helpless to do anything back. He rolls slowly out of the embrace of her legs and lies silently -- looking upward, very much as we saw him at start of scene.

FAVORING BREE

She waits, still smiling, for a while. But she's not done with him yet. She rolls to lie with her upper body on his, trailing her fingers across his face. Affectionately, as a good whore --

BREE
What's the matter hon? You were great. Terrific. A tiger.

KLUTE
Thanks.

BREE
Well what're you down about? You mean because you didn't get me there?
(pause. Comfortingly)
You can't expect <u>that</u>. I mean Frank, yes, he'd get me there all the time -- but never with a <u>John</u>.

She sits up, gropes her pajamas from the floor, puts them on. In the same fond tone --

BREE
(continued)
And I'm sorry I can't stay and learn your special little games. And I certainly don't want you to feel bad about this -- losing your virtue all of a sudden -- because I sort of knew you would. As I said, like everyone, right?

She has the pajamas and robe on, pauses near the door --

95 CONTD

BREE
(continued)
Besides - you can always tell yourself you made me come down-stairs. Ta, luv.

96 INT THEATRE: READING SCENE DAY

A WIDE SHOT. An open casting call in an off-Broadway Theatre. Darkness, except for the work light onstage. A small GROUP there -- onstage -- including the figure of BREE. Just offstage, the figures of DIRECTOR (JANG) and a PRODUCER. And the rest of the theatre, the audience section, dotted with the heads of ACTORS, ACTRESSES waiting for their turns. Bree's voice rings out across the gloom.

BREE
(continued)
-- Why?

CLOSER, ONSTAGE

The others stand rigid as statues, facing dead front -- an experimental drama, clearly -- all holding scripts, as Bree hastens from one to another, fiercely, imploringly --

BREE
(continued)
Why -- please, why? -- Why lose, why look? Why hate and give and want and love? Why get, grieve, g --

JANG
(loudly, cheerfully)
Thank you very much.

All break posture, start offstage, while Bree, caught in mid-stride, clowns it a little.

BREE
-- gug -- gug --

-- then toward Jang, a bit succinctly, indicating script --

BREE
(continued)
Why? -- I want to know <u>what</u>.

96 CONTD

JANG
(laughs tolerantly)
No, that was very good everybody.
Do we have all your resumes?

PRODUCER
(from list)
Booth -- Osman -- Zuff -- Anjeris
-- Chaka.

WIDER, near stage front.

Bree shrugs, steps down off stage with the others. Bree finds Jang's hand out for her script, smiles wanly, turns it over, continues on out of scene.

She finds something - someone -- impeding her way. Looks up.

PAST BREE TO KLUTE

Klute has edged out into the aisle to intercept her.

97 EXT THEATRE ENTRANCE: GREENWICH VILLAGE DAY

Bree comes out, turns.

KLUTE
(continued)
You asked if there was anything more you could help me with.

BREE
When?

Pause. Impasse.

KLUTE
I've checked the records of Jane McKenna's death -- I can't get anything special. But Frank Ligourin had another girl you said, besides McKenna and you.

BREE
Arlyn Page.

KLUTE
Did she and Jane McKenna know each other?

97 CONTD

BREE
Frankie kept them in the same apartment: it cut his travel-time.

KLUTE
Then maybe Arlyn Page knew the Dumper too.

BREE
Arlyn had a very big habit - heroin - she's the one who started Frank. She's strung out now; you won't find her.

KLUTE
You could help me find her. You know the people.
(as she turns away)
I'll pay you a hundred dollars.

BREE
I can make that in a lunch break!
(then)
Look, Hiram, you're sure it isn't just me? -- you decided you liked it, after all, the other night; you'll hang around for seconds?

KLUTE
Don't worry.

She examines him -- shrugs -- turns, proceeds along the sidewalk, Klute accompanying --

98 EXT DISCOTHEQUE NIGHT

In the small hours. The same place seen previously, the gathering place. KLUTE, BREE arriving and entering.

99 INT DISCOTHEQUE NIGHT

Klute and Bree head toward the rear. Her arrival causes a little stir. She exchanges greetings with one or two, is watched by others.

BREE
Joanie -- Mike, hi --
(to another, a Negro girl)
Hi Pat.

99 CONTD

PAT
(giggles)
Hey Bree honey, who you got?

BREE
A new daddy. I'n he cute?

Bree leads on to where --

PAST KLUTE, BREE TO TRINA

TRINA sits alone at a rear table -- anything but a whore in appearance -- a quietly beautiful, immaculately dressed woman of about thirty.

BREE
(continued)
Trina this is Klute. I told you about him.

TRINA
Oh yes Mr. Klute -- won't you both join me?
(as they sit)
And how do you like our fair city? There's so much here don't you think? The museums and the books and the foreign films -- Bree, have you seen the Godard film?

BREE
Uh uh.

TRINA
Oh you've got to. He does such fun things with imagery. And I've been reading The Fall --
(to Klute, enunciating carefully)
-- The Fall by Ahlbair Camoo -- it's the same thing, you know -- the imagery --

BREE
(patiently)
Trina honey, he just wants to find Arlyn Page.

Trina undergoes a change of demeanor. Flatly --

99 CONTD (2)

TRINA
Why? She's a junkie.

BREE
(prods gently)
She was with you after she left Frank.

TRINA
Well she's not now.
(then quavering -- )
I did everything for Arlyn. I loved Arlyn I took her right into my apartment, my own sweet apartment on First. But she wouldn't stay off it -- the junk -- and I wept and I pleaded and I held her in my arms - and she started taking things, my things, and selling them for horse. My clothes. We could've had everything together, everything -- and then the bitch sold my mink!

100 INT ANOTHER LATE NIGHT SPOT NIGHT

We dolly with KLUTE & BREE as they walk in front of a row of tables. This night spot is totally black except for a series of huge slide projections on the wall in back of the tables. The slides, which change every few seconds are elegant representations of the beautiful people living the good life as seen in such magazines as VOGUE, TOWN & COUNTRY & HARPERS BAZAAR. The customers sitting in the darkness below provide a direct contrast to the pictures in back. The silhouette figures of BREE & KLUTE stop at a table seating three people, two call girls and a pimp. CAMERA moves in.

FIRST GIRL
Arlyn Page?

SECOND GIRL
You'll never catch up; she's grooved out.

BREE
Gil?

The pimp looks distrustfully at Klute who reassures --

100 CONTD

KLUTE
I'm not looking for her personally -- someone she might know about.

PIMP
(shrugs; to Bree)
Try Janie Dale.

101 INT JANIE DALE'S PENTHOUSE

It is a very small penthouse. KLUTE & BREE stand in the small living room waiting for JANE DALE. There are two very casually dressed prostitutes sitting around the living room. One sits at an upright piano playing of all things STRANGERS IN THE NIGHT. Another one sits on a couch talking to a Wall Street Broker who is spending his lunch hour. KLUTE finds himself staring down into a pile of pornography magazines on the coffee table. BREE is amused at his discomfort. JANIE DALE, the madame, who has been on the phone in the back, puts the receiver down and crosses to the girl on the couch. JANIE looks and talks a bit like Lauren Bacall.

JANIE DALE
(to girl on couch)
It's old Mr. Clean from Cleveland. He wants to know when he can fly in and clean up the apartment and see you. I told him I have all the cleaning equipment and that he can come anytime, but it's up to you.

GIRL on couch rises.

GIRL
You know he wants us to be dominant.

JANIE DALE
Tell him that he'd better have his ass in here by one o'clock on Monday afternoon or you won't let him clean the bathroom floor, and tell him the price has gone up twenty bucks -- Old Dutch Cleanser's not as cheap as it used to be.

She shrugs and turns to KLUTE & BREE.

101 CONTD

JANIE DALE
You wanted to know about Arlyn, honey? I had to let her go dear. Arlyn stopped being reliable.
(explains to Klute)
I deal with a high type client, business people, you understand? I can't send them someone that's all the time half zonked out.

KLUTE
Do you know where she went?

JANIE DALE
Try Momma Reese.

102 THIS IS A CHEAPER APARTMENT THAN JANIE DALE'S

The girls look cheaper, and the customers, rather than Wall Street lawyers and brokers, look more like out of town salesmen who stay at local motor inns.

MOMMA REESE is older than JANIE DALE, heavier and with no pretense at chic. She indicates that she has not seen ARLYN in some time.

MOMMA RESSE
Try Bill Azure. If you can find him.

103 INT EIGHT AVENUE BAR ABOUT 4 IN THE MORNING

This is a hangout where black and white pimps wait to meet their whores after their night of street walking. This streetwalker world is far removed from the world of the call girl or the world of Janie Dale. CAMERA pans past a group of pimps at the bar taking bet on whose girls have made the most money that night. CAMERA then goes on to reveal KLUTE talking to another pimp (Azure). Azure represents a clear step down from Frank Ligourin.

We catch only part of their dialogue.

AZURE
-- a couple weeks then she'd drift off a couple of weeks, you know what I mean?

103 CONTD

KLUTE
Have you heard from her recently?

AZURE
She liked me all right but she had what she liked better, you know what I mean?

We START FADE SOUND as Klute repeats --

KLUTE
Have you heard from her recently?

-- and CUT TO --

104 INT LINGERIE SHOP: PROPRIETRESS, BREE, KLUTE

PROPRIETRESS
-- She'd come in and I'd let her have something. Why not; she'd been a good customer, a beautiful person, a beautiful beautiful person.

Again we fade sound a little before picture, then CUT TO --

105 EXT OUTSIDE ADULT MOVIE THEATER: KLUTE, STREET-WALKERS DAY OR NIGHT

Outside Theatre or Bookstore - Peepshow; an 8th Avenue establishment. SILENT ACTION this (or VOICES UNDER). Klute confers with one girl who summons and consults another. They seem to know of Arlyn -- haven't seen her recently -- refer him elsewhere --

106 EXT APARTMENT HOUSE: MRS. VASEK, KLUTE DAY

A shabby place in a shabby neighborhood. Mrs. Vasek, the landlady, shifts barrels at the same time that she barks at Klute, in heavy accent.

MRS. VASEK
The whore, yeah. I threw out.

KLUTE
Do you know where she went from here?

106 CONTD

MRS. VASEK
Live like animals. Her and the man. Out.

KLUTE
(reacts)
Was she living with a man?

We see Klute persisting - DISSOLVE

107 EXT WIDE SHOT: SLUM STREET DAY

We still HOLD WIDE to establish the scene. This is a genuine slum. We see Bree, Klute move along street. We see Bree drop back a little, Klute waiting for her to catch up.

108 EXT STREET: BREE, KLUTE

KLUTE
What's the matter?

BREE
(glances about)
What the hell do you think's the matter.
(then suggests)
I could wait for you someplace.

KLUTE
If Arlyn Page is living with Tom Grunemann --

BREE
(eagerly)
-- Then you don't need me.

KLUTE
But if it's someone else I do.

He starts on, simply assuming that she'll follow. (There is a degree of acquaintanceship in their manners now - a reluctant collaboration.)

BREE
You sure pull a lot of mileage out of a hundred dollars.

-- and follows on. He checks numbers, then crosses street diagonally toward a half-framed house.

109 INT NEWARK HOUSE DAY

A downshot from second floor level toward the entry way where KLUTE & BREE appear. KLUTE strikes a match to inspect the names of tenants. He and Bree climb through stench and litter to the second floor -- a door. From somewhere near at hand come the sounds of someone RETCHING. A square of wood has been saved out of the door itself, removing handle and lock -- light sifts through. Klute hesitates, decides against knocking, pushes in.

110 INT ARLYN'S APARTMENT DAY

The retching sounds are coming from the connecting room. No one visible here. A very few barren pieces of furniture. We hear ARLYN'S VOICE ask from the next room --

ARLYN (O.S.)
Cappy?

ARLYN enters rather eagerly. She sees Klute first, then Bree -- recognizes her -- retires flat against a wall, holding one palm outwards to shield her face. She is unbelievably gaunt. Inside one elbow, looking rather like a birthmark, we see a lacework of purple where her veins have pulped together.

BREE
Arlyn? Honey?
(then)
Look, it's all right.

From the connecting room a MAN'S VOICE (Berger's) calling out hoarsely.

BERGER (O.S.)
Is it Cappy? Cappy? --

BREE
Arlyn, it's all right.

BERGER hastens, stumbles, into the doorframe carrying a CAR-RADIO with wires dangling, speaks before he sees them.

BERGER
Cappy, I got a radio!

He stops for an instant face-to-face with Klute. Then turns, plunges out of view again. Arlyn breaks after.

110 CONTD

ARLYN

No --

We hear the MUMBLE and WHISPER of their voices from the connecting room (as she reassures him). Bree looks inquiringly at Klute (is that Grunemann?): he shakes his head. Pause, then ARLYN re-enters, wrapping her fingers together timidly -- wanting them out -- her only purpose.

ARLYN
(continued)
Bree -- honey - please, we're waiting for someone.

BREE
Arlyn, he just wanted to ask some questions -- something you could help us about.

ARLYN
Can't you see I'm strung out?
(cries out)
Please, we're waiting for it -- he's got to have it!

KLUTE
We'll go. Just something you could tell us, first.

Arlyn seems to accept the bargain. He indicates to Bree to proceed, stands away a little. Arlyn covers her elbow with one hand. Bree manages as best she can.

BREE
Honey, a couple of years ago, with Jane and Frankie? -- Jane sent me a Dumper --

ARLYN
Please, if he sees you, he won't come!

BREE
Arlyn, just tell me, did Jane have a dumper, one of her regular Johns?

ARLYN
What about him? Yes.

110 CONTD

BREE
Did he come around often?

Klute hands Grunemann's picture to Bree: Bree shows it to Arlyn. Arlyn inspects it, then uncertainly, weakly --

ARLYN
No. He was an older man hon. The dumper was older.

KLUTE
Do you remember his name? What can you tell me about him?

We hear FOOTSTEPS - UNDER, DIMLY - mounting the stairs. Bree notices them first, Klute persisting with Arlyn --

BERGER
(O.S., shouts desperately -- )
Arlyn, get them out.

ARLYN
Please, I am <u>begging</u> you.

KLUTE
It's important.

ARLYN
That's not the Dumper, that's all! He was an older man!

KLUTE
Can you give me any more description than that?

Arlyn catches the footsteps, dodges past him toward the door, intending to reassure --

ARLYN
Cappy? --

-- as the pusher, CAPPY, steps in. All of this is very quick, simultaneous, a confusion of voices. CAPPY takes one look at Klute --

ARLYN
-- it's all right, they're all right --

110 CONTD (2)

-- turns and runs.

BERGER (O.S.)
Cappy? -- Cappy?

Cappy's FOOTSTEPS race away down the stairs. BERGER plunges out from the connecting room, still carrying the car radio, shouting, pursuing --

BERGER
(continued)
Cappy it's all right! I got a radio -- don't run, don't --

We hear him STUMBLE AND FALL on the stairs outside, the sound of body reeling down. Arlyn shrieks and races after: Klute and Bree follow.

111 INT HOUSE: LOWER HALL DAY

We see BERGER lying at the foot of the stairs. As Arlyn clatters down toward him, Berger sways up onto his knees. His nose is bloodied, he cries. Arlyn casts herself on her knees beside him, pulls his face against her, croons to him, soothes and tends him.

ARLYN
Oh baby -- no it's all right -- oh my baby baby baby --

Klute and Bree are only a half-step behind. Klute offers to assist: Arlyn puts him away ferociously.

ARLYN
(continued)
Get out!
(to Berger, again)
Don't cry my baby; I'll find him, I'll get it. Baby, baby, don't cry.
(to Klute savagely, incoherently)
Leave us alone! Get out and get out and leave us alone!
(to Berger)
My honey, my baby, my baby --

We DISSOLVE TO --

112 INT SUBWAY TRAIN: REFLECTION IN WINDOW OF BREE AND KLUTE SITTING SIDE BY SIDE

CAMERA moves in closer so that we only see the reflection of BREE looking at herself and at the world seeming to speed by at an inhuman pace as the lights of the tunnel zoom past her face. What she sees is the figure of a woman with life screaming past her out of control.

113 INT SUBWAY

SUBWAY slows to a stop and a door opens. BREE sits with KLUTE staring at the open door and then without warning - gets up and runs off the train. The door closes, leaving KLUTE locked in the train.

114 SUBWAY EXIT

SHOT of BREE's feet rushing up the stairs in darkness and then quick cut to her face as she hits the sunlight. She pauses for a moment - relieved to be out of the darkness.

115 EXT ROOFTOP OF BREE'S BROWNSTONE NIGHT

CAMERA pans from night view of New York City to KLUTE sitting on the rooftop alone as if trying to comprehend all he has seen, the mystery of TOM GRUNEMANN's disappearance in this world and the mysteries of the behavior of BREE.

116 SKYLIGHT INTO BREE'S APARTMENT NIGHT

Alongside of him the skylight of BREE's apartment lights up. He looks through the skylight and sees BREE enter her apartment. He can hear BREE talking to somebody, and then he sees that she is talking to FRANK LIGOURIN.

KLUTE watches through the skylight and hears bits and pieces of the scene between BREE and FRANK. He sees the same kind of symbiosis, the same kind of parody of loving that he saw between ARLYN & BERGER. As the scene becomes more intimate he leaves.

117 INT CABLE'S (CITY) OFFICE: ON KLUTE DAY

The pristine, antiseptic, elegance of CABLE's office

117 CONTD

is in its own way as unreal and dehumanized as the sexual underworld KLUTE has been exploring with BREE, and KLUTE looks as out of place in the one as he does in the other. TRASK sits beside KLUTE facing CABLE who is impeccably dressed. He is the total image of the executive in control.

CABLE
She wouldn't be reliable anyhow -- a narcotics addict.

KLUTE
I believed her, Pete.

TRASK
He's right you know. Waiting for the pusher, she'd tell you anything.

KLUTE
I believed her: the Dumper was not Tom Grunemann.

CABLE
All right, suppose it wasn't Tom Grunemann; where does that get you?

KLUTE
(smiles ruefully)
It's where it doesn't get me. I've got nothing left that connects to anything.

CABLE
Then, close the case.

KLUTE
I better keep looking.

CABLE
Where, how?

KLUTE
(the best he can offer)
I could try Arlyn Page again. She saw much more of the Dumper than Bree Daniel.

117 CONTD (2)

CABLE
You just finished telling me she had nothing to offer. Not Tom, you said, the Dumper was clearly not Tom.

KLUTE
It's got to make sense some way.

CABLE'S SECRETARY appears for a moment tapping her watch significantly.

SECRETARY
Mr. Cable -- they are meeting in Mr. Camara's office.

CABLE
Yes Evvie, thanks. Gentlemen, I'm sorry.

They rise, dismissed. He sorts a paper or two, continues to Klute.

CABLE (cont'd)
I'm flying back out to Pennsylvania Friday; I'll fill them in on things.

KLUTE
How is it back there?

CABLE
I think you're homesick.
(reflects)
I'll be out at my camp over the weekend. Nice right now, that touch of fall in the air, that skim of frost in the early mornings, very peaceful.
(briskly again)
John, I'll be back here again Thursday; I'll be in touch. Lieutenant, thank you.

KLUTE and TRASK depart.

117 CABLE CLOSES THE DOOR AND RETURNS TO HIS DESK

He pulls out a tape recorder from a drawer in his desk, rewinds it and turns it on. We hear a playback of the previous scene with KLUTE and TRASK. He stands at the window listening with some

117 CONTD

satisfaction; as if listening to what KLUTE revealed keeps him in control of the situation.

118 EXT WINDOW CABLE'S OFFICE DAY

The CAMERA pulls back from a CU of CABLE standing at the window to a wide angle looking at CABLE through the window. The window is 30 or 40 stories high. The wide angle lens almost makes the building look like it is standing on point, and CABLE, a man suspended in space.

119 EXT WIDE SHOT: DOCKS DAY

A TUGBOAT has pulled in. The SOUND of its heavy ENGINES, IDLING, runs underneath this entire sequence. A POLICE VEHICLE or two has parked at the head of the dock. We see several figures on the rear deck of the tug, but it's not clear at this distance what they're doing. The POLICE CAR WITH KLUTE arrives. He dismounts and proceeds from dock to tug-deck.

120 EXT TUGBOAT DECK: GROUP DAY

TRASK glances toward Klute as he arrives, but doesn't greet him. His attention, like the others, is directed downward and off-scene (to the surface of the water actually, just outboard of the tug). We see beside Trask TWO Uniformed Cops (SUGARMAN and SPENCE) and DECKHANDS. And we hear, along with the throbbing of the engines, a stirring about of the water and a peculiar third noise -- rather commingled with the engines -- which we can't at first identify.

Klute joins the group, watches.

SPENCE brings into view, and shakes out, a giant neoprene body bag. INSTRUCTIONS among the group AD LIB, UNDER --

TRASK
(toward Klute)
They were bringing a freighter down through Kill Van Kull; propellers washed it up on top.

SUGERMAN brings into view a METAL BASKET attached with short ropes. He complains --

120 CONTD

SUGARMAN
Why didn't you bring it up on deck?

DECKHAND
Would you bring it up on deck?

They slip the basket downward, out of frame (into the water).

DECKHAND
(to other)
Mickey, get something. Get the eels off.

SPENCE
(calmly)
They'll drop off theirselves when she comes out.

We CUT TO -

121 BERGER DAY

We see Berger sitting huddled against the tugboat cabin -- we haven't seen him before -- with his hands bunched in front of his mouth. We identify the noise which may have puzzled us before -- his SOBBING.

122 DOWNSHOT: SURFACE OF WATER, BASKET, BODY

We catch a fleeting glimpse of the body being lifted, just before it breaks the surface of the water.

123 FAVORING KLUTE

Klute looks on as EFFECTS trace the processing of the body. SPENCE kneels down out of frame to slide the bag around it. TRASK kneels down to make a brief examination -- straightens again. To Klute --

TRASK
It'll go to the Examiner. But I don't see nothin that means nothin.

We MOVE WITH KLUTE as he turns and moves away a few feet along the deck. Here he stands. Then SUGARMAN moves into view holding a clipboard. Routinely --

123 CONTD

SUGARMAN
You help us with ID? We can't get nothin from him.

He indicates the direction of Berger. Klute examines the clipboard data.

KLUTE
Arlyn Page was probably an alias. She went by the names Terry Arlyn and June Price. She may have been from Pittsburgh, someone told me. I can give you a list of people who knew her, if that would help to --

SUGARMAN
No point, thanks.

KLUTE
Is he claiming the body?

SUGARMAN
Uh uh, that'd mean funeral expenses.

He spits, moves back in the direction of the group; Klute continues to stand. BERGER moves in his direction. Brokenly --

BERGER
Man could you help me?

Klute doesn't understand his purport, reacts instantly, sympathetically --

KLUTE
Yeah, what?

BERGER
You know, help me out. That's my baby there, dead. I got to get up.

Klute stares at him -- a quiet horror -- as Berger insists --

BERGER
(continued)
Man you don't know what that does to me, my baby dead --

KLUTE
-- You've got to get up.

123 CONTD

BERGER

Yeah.

Klute shoves a bill in his hand, turns away very sharply, off the tugboat.

124 EXT DOCK: KLUTE DAY

Klute walks a longer distance this time, sits down on one of the pilings of the dock. Watching him we see what might be a profound awe and grief at all these things -- but is, in fact, a good deal more.

EFFECTS, O.S. as Police Vehicles are loaded, driven away and as tug toots, runs up engines, puts out again.

TRASK moves into scene, sits on another piling, looks at him speculatively. Silence. Then --

TRASK

That's how the other one died, you know. In the water.

KLUTE

(nods)
I looked it up.

Then -- (We are assuming a complete understanding here between Klute and Trask, non-verbal. What Trask is asking, in effect, is: Is this meaningful? Do we both suspect the same man?)

TRASK

Well?

KLUTE

Yeah.

125 INT BREE'S APT: DAY

It is late afternoon, but BREE is in her pajamas curled up in her bed. There are some magazines scattered around the bed and the television set is on an old movie. There are cracker crumbs in the bed and a cup of coffee and an open jar of peanut butter with the knife sticking out of the jar on the floor by the bed. It would seem that BREE has spent most of the day in bed. She looks like an unkempt child. The phone is ringing, but she does not answer it - The phone no sooner stops than the door bell rings.

125 CONTD

Reluctantly she gets out of bed and goes to the door. She looks through the spy hole and sees Klute's face. She undoes two locks and an obviously new chain and bolt and opens the door.

BREE
Well hello -- come on in.

He barely enters the room. His manner is cool and remote.

KLUTE
I thought you ought to know, Arlyn Page is dead.

BREE
How?

KLUTE
The same as Jane McKenna.

BREE
(she betrays no reaction)
Thanks for the jolly news. I thought maybe you'd left town by now. You kind of just disappeared. But you boys from Tuscarora have a habit of disappearing, don't you?

Klute looks around the disorderly room. The plants in the windowsill have never been in worse shape. They look as if she deliberately let them die of thirst.

KLUTE
The next few weeks I would like to know where you are all the time.

BREE
(harshly)
Why?

KLUTE
Just let me know when you are going out and where --

BREE
What if I go out on tricks - you wanna come along? You could sit and read the National Geographic.

125 CONTD (2)

KLUTE
How can you do it to yourself?

BREE
(coolly)
I don't get you.

KLUTE
Ligourin: How could you do it?

BREE
I told you before, you wouldn't understand..

KLUTE
You're right, I don't understand. Explain it to me.
(pause)
You were scared. Arlyn Page, that scared you. Well it should; that's death. So what did you do, you ran straight for it, death. Ligourin kills women.

BREE
No.

KLUTE
No, no you're right, I'm sorry. He uses women; he lets them kill themselves. Is that how you want it?

BREE
Arlyn was a junkie; I'm not on junk!

KLUTE
No, you can find some other way.
(beat)
Explain it to me. Bree, show me any sense to --

BREE
(screams, incoherently)
You get the Christ out! You dumb stupid bastard, you don't know anything, you square, you get out! I don't have to show you <u>anything</u>; you get out!

Klute goes.

126 INT KLUTE'S APT DAY

The empty apartment. He enters, switches a light on (dusk), tosses aside jacket, bookcase, etc., then sits down on the edge of his bed, with one foot propped up on it.

FOOTSTEPS and A RAP at the door. He looks up, but doesn't move, doesn't answer. BREE opens it, enters. There are tear-tracks down her face, but she's no longer crying. She tries to smile, tries to explain her wants. Then with the unhurried, graven composure of absolute desperation, she sits on the edge of the bed.

BREE
If I asked you something, would you not laugh? -- asked you to look at something?

She pushes up her sleeve, points at tiny spot on her arm - a freckle. He peers at it then at her puzzledly.

BREE
(continued; apologetic)
I thought it was maybe changing shape or something.

Klute looks at it again. Judiciously --

He shows her a spot or two on his own forearm. She compares, is reassured. Embarrassedly, she tries to smile. It is unsuccessful. She gets up and moves about. Her manner in general is totally unguarded, honest, undramatic, searching.

BREE
Look -- I hate everybody; and I'm sorry for everybody; and I'm scared all the time.

He only grunts. A sound like 'OK' or 'all right' -- an invitation to leave. But she won't be driven away. More urgently, helplessly:

BREE
Look, I don't know either. It's like the only thing I know how to do --- I feel safe.

She's left the door a little ajar. He widens it for her.

126 CONTD

KLUTE
It's been a full day.

She pushes it out of his hand, pushes it shut. A little more angrily:

BREE
Please.

KLUTE
We did this before.

BREE
No.
(then)
Well all right. But you want to and I want you to and we both know it and all right.

KLUTE
(evenly, slowly)
I don't like getting splashed.

She accepts it decently. Tries to smile again, nods.

BREE
OK ----- OK.

She gestures, tries to find something more to say, moves by degrees toward the door -- and would succeed in leaving. But then:

KLUTE
---Bree---

Standing still, she starts again to cry -- and bravely to keep the crying to herself. The child bereft. He contends with himself, then crosses to her, puts his arms around her, soothes her hair. A completely asexual gesture at this point, a giving of comfort. She clings, trembles, burrows. Then -- a SERIES OF DISSOLVES: The street outside, at different times of night interposed, with Bree and Klute at different times of love, As Follows:

127 EXT. THE STREET - DAY

The street as we saw it just previously ... still daylight ... still somewhat populated, but drawing toward dusk. DISSOLVE:

128 INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: BREE, KLUTE - NIGHT

Darkness now, or close to dark; the room heavily shadowed. Bree and Klute sit together on the bed. He still strokes her hair. He has pulled a blanket around her shoulders. The transaction is still not overtly sexual, but the tenderness is more overt. He rubs his cheek against her forehead. She herself is quieter, comforted. She begins to stir against him. DISSOLVE:

129 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

The street at night. Eleven O'clock, let's say. Some lit windows; a single car moving past. DISSOLVE:

130 EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

All the windows dark this time. The deepest night, just before the sky begins to lighten. DISSOLVE:

131 INT. KLUTE'S APARTMENT: BREE, KLUTE - NIGHT

Klute is alseep -- more or less -- on his stomach. Bree beside him lies awake. She trails her fingers about his back. A rather tentative, exploratory business. Her expression is more wondering than anything else -- what does she have here, and can she get used to it? DISSOLVE:

132 EXT. THE STREET - DAY (DAWN)

The street's first stirrings. From not far off, the sounds of trash cans being collected. DISSOLVE:

133 INT. KLUTE'S APT: BREE, KLUTE - DAY (DAWN)

Klute half sits up in bed. Bree is fast asleep with her head pillowed on his midsection. Some humor in this shot: he wants to move but doesn't want to wake her. At a point he risks it, reaches out for something beside the bed. Her eyes open immediately. He puts his hand on her face, trying gently to press her back.

KLUTE
Go back to sleep.

133 CONTD

But she takes his hand -- and retains it -- rolls onto her back. Still relaxed, but a little more separate, thoughtful -- a mixture of the Bree we've seen before and the Bree we've glimpsed, the possible Bree. She observes:

BREE
I'm still scared.
(beat)
I mean different but still.
(frowns)
Look, I made it very clear from the start, you're a yokel, you don't excite me, you don't even interest me, and so I only have one question which is what the hell are you doing in my bed?

KLUTE
My bed.

She grins, then starts to reach for him, still receptive -- then feels another (and genuine) pang, turns her head away sharply.

BREE
Oh!

He looks at her with concern, but only caresses her. She manages to explain --

BREE
(continued)
I <u>am</u> scared. The things I do. The things I could do to <u>you</u>.

KLUTE
Mm.

BREE
No, not just 'mm'. You don't know what I ---

He settles himself beside her, makes overtures. She responds, but:

BREE
Oh boy, say, you think you're pretty good.

KLUTE
Yup.

133 CONTD

She pretends to bite -- they tussle -- she feels a suddenly growing excitement, seizes him. Fiercely, welcomingly, full out.

BREE

Oh --

And we cut directly to:

134 INT. SPANGLER'S OFFICE: BREE, SPANGLER - DAY

Bree standing, angry, antagonistic, demanding. In a way -- a Bree-like way -- she's seized psychiatry by the throat.

BREE

The son of a bitch seduced me!

She waits. Spangler says nothing.

BREE

(continued)

I know: it's ridiculous. But it's tearing me up and I don't know why. And look, all right, I came here didn't I? And if I have to, I'll keep coming here, the works, and talk about my mummy and my daddy and I'll even pay for it, but will you kindly for God's sakes say something?

SPANGLER

(smiles)

I'd just be guessing.

BREE

Guess!

SPANGLER

Maybe this wasn't just a trick. Maybe you're in danger of real love, real involve ---

BREE

(primly, distintly)

I do not love him.

134 CONTD

SPANGLER
(undeterred, suggests)
You've spent your life avoiding this. You'll try hard to deny it; you're quite likely to destroy it.

WE CUT TO:

135 EXT THE PLAZA OF LINCOLN CENTER

Sunlight is beaming on the graceful fountains and elegant architecture. Groups of cheerful tourists are admiring the civilized monuments to man's search for culture. CAMERA pans to ugly street across the way revealing Klute approaching and entering a dingy warehouse topped by an absurdly placed copy of the Statue of Liberty. This is the municipal storehouse.

136 INT MUNICIPAL STOREHOUSE DAY

The abrupt cut from the bright sunlight leaves us in almost total darkness as we follow KLUTE. We are in a huge storeroom. As we grow accustomed to the darkness we see bits and pieces of incongruous objects scattered along Klute's path - old pieces of furniture, lamps, piggy banks, etc. - the remnants of the lives of the plundered, the destroyed and the dispossessed. Some is stolen property, some evidence for homicide cases, and some the unclaimed possessions of the unclaimed dead.

A CUSTODIAN -- an ancient retainer sort, a civil servant, leads KLUTE into an old elevator cage.

137 INT ELEVATOR

Klute and Custodian as elevator ascends; looking up the elevator shaft through the open cage we see a series of doors hanging over space seeming to lead nowhere. The whole sequence has the feeling of a dream of being lost in a black limbo.

138 Klute and Custodian leave elevator on higher floor and walk down the long very low corridor past rows of locked vault doors. The Custodian stops at one and opens it. We are in a small dungeon like room filled with banks of files from floor to ceiling. The Custodian counts to himself --

138 CONTD

CUSTODIAN
Four -- five -- what number'd I say?

KLUTE
Four ninety-seven, Jane McKenna.

Custodian finds it, unlocks for Klute's inspection. Reaches for paper Klute's holding.

CUSTODIAN
-- And I keep the authorization, please.

KLUTE
I thought there'd be more.

Klute pokes through a ~~pitiful~~ small collection of personal effects -- perhaps an ankle bracelet, rabbits foot, faded snapshot of a child, some letters, pitiful remnants of Jane McKenna's life. Klute closes the drawer, and the front of the drawer is marked McKENNA, JANE?

Over the visual material of Klute's trip through the warehouse we hear WILD TRACK VOICE OVER bits and pieces of BREE talking with the psychiatrist.

BREE'S VOICE
All right. Loneliness.
(space)
Well -- separated. From other people. Forgotten.
(space)
Well, as if I can be here, I can go through the motions, right? But the truth is, I don't belong.

SPANGLER'S V.O.
(prompts mildly)
Don't belong?

BREE'S V.O.
(snappishly)
Do you always have to repeat?

SPANGLER'S V.O.
Sorry.

(then)

138 CONTD (2)

BREE'S V.O.
Well it's more than loneliness. Hate. People hating me -- and watching me and following and waiting to hurt me -- you know? I'm all screwed up.

SPANGLER'S V.O.
You think people hate you.

BREE'S V.O.
The truth is I hate them: they must hate me. All right, the money.
(pause)
All right, not the money. A kind of put-on. It gets things back together.
(pause)
Well let's say I'd go to one of these cattle-calls, a tryout. I mean before -- before I got this job -- and they'd always say thank you very much and I'd feel, you know, brought down. They didn't want me.

SPANGLER'S V.O.
Didn't want you.

BREE'S V.O.
(snaps)
I said that.
(resumes)
Well, so you have a choice. You can either feel lonely -- you know, the hate -- or --
(then more rapidly, plunging)
So you take a call and go to a hotel room and there's some John you've never seen before, but he wants you. He must, he's paying for it.
(beat)
And usually they're nervous and that's all right, too, because you're not; you know this thing. And then for a while, boy, they really pay attention, you're all there is.

136 CONTD (3)

BREE'S V.O.
(continued, beat)
And it's not real and you don't have to even like them -- you can even hate them, it's all right, it's safe -- you know?

139 INT PROJECTION ROOM MISSING PERSONS BUREAU

On the left a portion of the original obscene letter. On the right a series of comparison documents -- beginning with a portion of a personal letter. We hear TRASK'S, KLUTE'S VOICES OVER, and occasionally cut to them as --

TRASK'S VOICE
(skipping, summarizing)
All right, there's Tom Grunemann, you're right, different margins, different spacing absolutely, sloppy, right.

KLUTE'S VOICE
Mm.

TRASK'S VOICE
All right, try this next guy.

The right-hand document is switched.

140 KLUTE, TRASK

Klute reacts.

TRASK
Think this is our guy?

KLUTE
I don't know. It looks familiar to me.

TRASK
Thought it might. It's off an arrest report you typed two years ago. Man you wanted samples of everybody.

Then -- with subdued satisfaction, switching the projector again.

140 CONTD

TRASK
(continued)
Now the next cat. Mm?

141 SCREEN; DOCUMENTS

TRASK'S VOICE
Same margins top and sides. He does best with his middle fingers; you get fainter registration from outside keys like Q, A, L, P and like that. Next thing look around apostrophes, how he hits the space bar before --

142 KLUTE & TRASK - STARING AT PROJECTIONS

KLUTE
But what reason could he have? What possible reason?

TRASK
Unless he was involved with Grunemann's disappearance.

KLUTE
I knew Tom never wrote that letter.

TRASK
What else do you know?

KLUTE
I never could believe that Tom was a split personality. I never believed he was a Dumper; and I don't believe he disappeared of his own volition; and I don't believe he's alive.

TRASK
We have some very tentative circumstantial evidence of freeky behavior, but there's no evidence of murder - there's not even a body.

KLUTE
I don't believe Tom's alive.

142 CONTD

As Klute talks he paces back and forth in the darkness. He crosses in front of the lighted screen; the letters projected on the screen ripple over his face.

KLUTE
But why? Why?

143 INT MISSING PERSONS BUREAU

Klute and Trask are seen entering from the Projection Room. In the background we see an old black woman sitting in front of the picture file of unidentified dead, carefully studying each picture.

In the foreground Klute sits down at a phone and dials.

KLUTE
Yes, Mr. Cable's office, please.

CAMERA goes in close on Klute.

CABLE'S VOICE
THROUGH TELEPHONE
John, how are you?

KLUTE
I'll be sending you on a report tonight.

CABLE'S VOICE
It's a beautiful day in Tuscarora - I don't envy you that humidity in the city.

KLUTE
It's not so bad.

There is a silence. Both Klute and Cable seem to be waiting for one or the other to make the next move.

KLUTE
Would you like to know what's in it? The report.

CABLE'S VOICE
(obligingly)
What's in it?

143 CONTD

KLUTE
I think Tom Grunemann's dead. I've been a lot of places - I've asked a lot of people. I've found no proof he's around. I've found no proof he was ever around.

CABLE VOICE
How do you go from that to the idea Tom's dead? Suicide you're suggesting? He killed himself?

KLUTE
(plodding, unemphatic)
He could've been murdered.

CABLE'S VOICE
I'm sure the FBI and the Police explored that possibility.

KLUTE
No. They never did, really. But that's what I'm going to recommend. The next step. Unless something --

CABLE'S VOICE
Have you discussed this with them?

KLUTE
It's in the report.

CABLE'S VOICE
Do they have the report? Have you discussed it with them?

KLUTE
I wanted to give it to you first.

CABLE'S VOICE
All right. All right --
(then)
John, just sit tight will you? I'll read your report, I'll discuss it with the others. I'll be back next Thursday, we'll talk the whole thing over then. Nothing til Thursday, all right?

KLUTE
All right.

143 CONTD (2)

CABLE'S VOICE
Thank you. Goodbye, John.

KLUTE
Goodbye, Pete.

Klute hangs up.

KLUTE
He was always at their house on holidays. Tom and Holly always had him over on holidays. Tom felt sorry for him - his whole life was work. Tom felt sorry for him.

The old black lady motions to Trask who crosses to her. She points to a picture in the file. She has obviously found her missing person among the photographs of the unidentified dead. She starts to stand but then sits again, obviously shaken. Klute crosses to her and gently helps her out of the chair. He sees in her face the same sense of loss he feels for his friend.

144 EXT OUTDOOR MARKETS EIGHT AVENUE NIGHT
KLUTE & BREE

Bree examining and feeling fruit in some imitation of a very shrewd and experienced housewife shopper. She is obviously enjoying her sense of domesticity, and Klute is amused by her enjoyment.

145 OUTDOOR NURSERY EIGHT AVENUE NEXT TO MARKET

The nursery is an absurdly cheerful spot of greenery in the midst of the dirty chaos of the avenue.

Klute and Bree wander through the plants.

BREE
I saw Mr. Faber.
(beat)
You remember Mr. Faber, don't you?

KLUTE
(controlledly)
Yeah.

145 CONTD

BREE
Is that all you have to say?

KLUTE
What am I supposed to say?

BREE
Well, I told him I wouldn't - uh - go there any more.
(pause)
I know it's tough to understand, but it wasn't easy. You see, he was nice to me. I mean, it wasn't just him. I got something out of it too I guess. Anyway, I told him I wouldn't go there anymore.

She is like a child awaiting praise from her teacher. Klute says nothing. They continue walking among the plants and he picks up a few that she had admired.

KLUTE
Well, here's your gold star.

Considering his contempt for all the dead plant life he has seen in her apartment in the past, she is pleased by this act of belief in her.

BREE
Spangler says we have a relationship.

KLUTE
What?

BREE
You and I -- a relationship.

KLUTE
I was wondering what that was.

BREE
(beat)
Hell there's nothing so mysterious about the square life.

146 EXT BROWNSTONE ENTRYWAY NIGHT

Bree, Klute approach unhurriedly along the sidewalk. She is holding his arm, HUMS to herself, enjoys the evening.

147 INT STAIRWALL NIGHT

We follow them up.

148 INT ANGLE INTO BREE APARTMENT NIGHT

The apartment is a shambles -- furniture overturned, decorations ripped from the wall, bedding scattered and ripped.

149 INT BREE APARTMENT NIGHT

Klute jettisons the grocery bags, thrusts himself inside, looks quickly about, finds no one. Bree follows more slowly, whispering:

BREE
Oh Jesus. Oh Jesus.

KLUTE
Don't touch anything.

He moves quickly to the rear of the apartment, looks at the rear window which has been broken inward in a litter of glass -- then returns to the table at the front of the apartment; his folders. Bree cracks wise, unsteadily.

BREE
You suppose he's a married fella?

ANGLE TO TABLE; FOLDERS

The contents of the folders have been spilled across the table and -- we ZOOM IN -- the photographs of Tom Grunemann sorted out and ripped apart. Even the COMPANY PICNIC photograph has been painstakingly torn, specifically to destroy the image of Grunemann in the front row.

KLUTE

He stands, looking down, taking no notice as --

BREE
He got in my <u>clothing</u>!

Then a moment later, she cries out again, more sharply:

149 CONTD

BREE
(continued)
Oh. Oh.

He turns quickly. She is holding out, at arms length, a pair of her underpants. With a disgust so extreme she can only laugh.

BREE
(continued)
Oh look what he did in them.

KLUTE
Drop it.

She doesn't respond. He seizes her arm, shakes the garment back onto the floor. She starts to gag, slaps her hand over her mouth, starts for the bathroom. Klute yanks her back.

KLUTE
(continued)
Stay out of there.

She twists free of his hands, backs away. The same elementary terror we've seen before.

KLUTE
(continued)
Listen to me: It's all right.
I've been expecting something.

BREE
(full out, vengefully)
My God, I thought it was over.
And here I am, daddy, right back
at the start.

KLUTE
Bree --

BREE
Right back at the start, right?

KLUTE
Go down in my room.

BREE
You said it was over, right? You
said not to worry any more, all
over, right?

149 CONTD (2)

She's broken for the door; it's questionable that she's even heard him. He hasn't time to pursue -- shouts again --

KLUTE
Go down in my room and wait.

Then he turns back into the apartment.

150 INT BREE'S APARTMENT DAY

A DOWNSHOT TO UNDERPANTS (as if from Klute's POV, connecting directly to the previous shot) -- then a FLASHBULB goes off and a hand and pair of tongs enter frame and flip the garment into a collecting box and we widen to reveal that it's now daylight and the scene has been invaded by POLICE TECHNICIANS. One is a photographer; another, a fingerprint man, is spraying surfaces with a can of fixative. In the foreground Klute and Trask are talking with Ross, the FBI man. Ross is looking through a dossier on Cable that Klute has compiled. Over the following conversation we show CLOSEUPS of material in the dossier. It contains photographs of Cable and his life from childhood to the present - including pictures of him with his mother and father - she a very dominant looking lady and he a very passive looking man; also graduation pictures and pictures with his former wife taken when he was still a very young man. They are the personal images of a life time.

ROSS
(to Klute)
But if Cable killed Grunemann why would he get you hired to look for Grunemann?

KLUTE
Because he knew I couldn't leave the case alone. And this way at least he'd keep track of it. And me.

ROSS
What about Grunemann's letters to the girl, everything like that?

TRASK
Cable's letters, Cable's phone calls. Cable's everything else.
(MORE)

150 CONTD

TRASK
(continued)
He's been a Dumper a long time. He just passed off his own peculiar habits on the other man -- it kept things goin'.

ROSS
OK, pretend I believe you. Tell me how you get an indictment.

TRASK
Can't. Yet. Oh we got everythin else: first rate evidence Cable typed those dumper letters to Bree Daniel. And Jane McKenna: Klute found a couple in her personal remains. We got dates of Cable's trips here coincidin' with phone calls to Bree Daniel, also the dates of death of McKenna and Page. We got some hints his personal history. His father, unsuccessful salesman, committed suicide when he was 13. His mother pinned all her hopes on her son. He won a national science youth award at the age of eight. They had no money, but she hired special tutors for him in the summer time. She saw a good thing. He graduated from high school at 14 -- college at 16 -- no friends -- The kids in his class thought of him as a freak. He got his PhD at 18 -- married at age 21 to his then employer's daughter. The marriage lasted 4 weeks. Her father had it annulled. She says he was impotent. World War II he got in bad trouble about a German girl, no details. We think we know why he killed Grunemann -- he found out Cable was a dumper; Cable couldn't take that. We think we know why he killed McKenna -- she wanted to blackmail him for it. All fine. But we got no body, no direct witnesses, we can't go any-damn-where.

150 CONTD (2)

KLUTE
That's the reason I told him we had no evidence Tom was still alive. We wanted to shake him into another phone call or another letter. It didn't work out just that way.

The Technicians, meanwhile have packed to depart. The first Technician scoops the torn up photographs into another collecting box. Trask retrieves the company outing photograph.

TRASK
Gov, want to leave me that one. How come he got to play with this one, anyway.

KLUTE
I left them here. I was doing some work here.

Trask eyes Klute for a moment, as if a querying his relationship with Bree. Klute is clearly unresponsive. Trask resumes.

TRASK
It's damn lucky you didn't have the dossier on Cable here.

KLUTE
Nobody's seen that.

TRASK
If we get anything from the lab, we'll have it by noon. And just think -- all he really had to do was write us a letter.

ROSS
Sounds to me you better shake him again. Put him in a spot he has to do something more -- but this time give him a time and a place to do it.

KLUTE
He called this morning from Tuscarora. Asked me to meet him at 3:00 at the downtown heliport. He's on his way to Chicago.

150 CONTD (3)

TRASK
He sure chalks up a lot of flight time.

Klute starts gathering his papers we CUT TO

151 INT STAIRWELL: BREE DAY

Bree coming up the stairs meets the Technicians coming down -- stands aside to let them pass -- starts up again and comes face to face with Klute. On her part we see a wish to be reconciled -- a shyness mixed with defiance -- but Klute's manner is arduous. She smiles nervously, asks --

BREE
Ah, Schmendrick -- what's the scam?

KLUTE
Those were police laboratory people, they've been over the apartment.

BREE
(mock delight)
Oh zippidy-doo, they'll find my fingerprints.
(then)
Can I go in? I need some stuff.

He nods; she starts by. Then --

KLUTE
Where'd you spend last night?

BREE
With Trina.

KLUTE
I called Trina.

BREE
Maybe I wasn't there when you called.

KLUTE
Bree, what's actually happened? It wasn't that bad.

151 CONTD

BREE
(cuts in harshly)
How do you know how bad it was?

KLUTE
Why couldn't you stay here with me?

BREE
Because I didn't want to be touched! I didn't think you'd get that!

Pause. Then, evenly --

KLUTE
Trask wants to talk with you.

She starts on, then turns back toward him -- rather pleadingly --

BREE
Hey -- look officer -- I can explain everything. It was just -- you know, everything all of a --

KLUTE
Trask wants to talk with you.

She continues on up; Klute continues down.

152 INT BREE'S APARTMENT DAY

Entering without greeting Trask (his manner is not uncivil but simply neutral, unreacting, Cop-like) she quickly gathers up a few properties, a change of shoes.

TRASK
Miss Daniel, be sensible, you find another place till we get things cleaned up.

BREE
(brightly)
Oh well that shouldn't take you more than another, oh, two and a half or three years, should it?

152 CONTD

TRASK
A few more days. We know who did this.

BREE
So do I.

TRASK
No, not Grunemann. He's dead. The man that killed him -- also prob'ly Jane McKenna, also Arlyn Page.

She spins around -- mute -- terrified.

BREE
(manages)
Arlyn and Jane committed suicide. He said they committed suicide.

TRASK
Now there's a picture I'd like you to --

BREE
You said someone killed them, you said you know who, you said that.

TRASK
Well we're pretty --

BREE
Why isn't he locked up?

TRASK
We don't want to just lock him up; we want a conviction, we wanted him to do something more.

BREE
Is <u>that</u> why Klute didn't tell me?

TRASK
I guess he figured it was better.

BREE
<u>What</u> was better? I made better <u>bait</u>?

TRASK
No, that's not --

152 CONTD (2)

BREE
Is that what he set me up for? Everything he's told me from the beginning? -- don't worry, don't --

TRASK
(coldly)
From the beginning I don't know why the hell he's messin with you. If he was me he'd know better. If he was even a city boy he'd know better. You're a whore Miss Daniel, that's the truth of it, right? Now somethin I'd like you to look at.

BREE
I don't have to look at anything. I don't have --

TRASK
Here please.

He coerces her to the table and unrolls the Company-outing picture. (We see the rip extending up through the image of Tom Grunemann in the front row.)

BREE
Oh no.

TRASK
Like for you to look for the man.

BREE
Grunemann? I've looked at him a --

Trask has clamped his thumb over the torn image of Grunemann, indicates with the other hand --

TRASK
No. Not Grunemann. The Dumper. Just look around -- I said look for the Dumper.

We see her comply -- her eyes moving over the rows of faces. Then we see her stiffen, hear her gasp --

BREE
Oh! --

-- and WE CUT TO -

153 DOWNTOWN HELIPORT DAY

Cable welcomes Klute. His outer manner is warm, voluble, congratulatory --

CABLE
Sorry we had to meet here. But I'm pressed for time.

KLUTE
Well there's a couple --

CABLE
I read your report. I had to go along with it -- the idea of this being a wild goose chase, Tom being nowhere around --

KLUTE
Well as a matter of --

CABLE
I've been up country, you know my summer place, my camp. I don't even have a telephone there. This morning they sent a messenger out, that you'd been trying to call me.

KLUTE
Yeah.

CABLE
I'm on my way to Chicago. Very important meeting tonight. -- Well -- any new developments?

KLUTE
Yeah, two things Pete, that --

CABLE
You said Trask was arranging laboratory work. Police laboratory. Anything from that?

KLUTE
Yeah. It wasn't Tom.

CABLE
I'm sorry. I don't understand.

KLUTE
It wasn't Tom that broke in the room.

153 CONTD

CABLE
It has to be Tom. You said he ripped up his own pictures, he --

KLUTE
Not Tom. Whoever it was left a kind of souvenir, I told you, in her clothing. Semen. The laboratory got a blood group reading from that. The man was blood type O; Tom was an AB.

CABLE
(slowly)
Some mistake perhaps that --

KLUTE
No. No mistake Pete. It doesn't prove who it was -- but proves it wasn't Tom.

CABLE
You must be discouraged.

KLUTE
(prosaically)
Not too bad. This brings back that Dumper in the picture.

CABLE
That who?

KLUTE
Dumper, the man Bree Daniel mentioned and Arlyn Page knew and Jane McKenna knew.

CABLE
You said he was no possible connection with Tom. The Page girl told you that, not Tom.

KLUTE
Someone's been doing all these things.

CABLE
You were hired to look for Tom, not someone.

153 CONTD (2)

KLUTE
Pete, I've got a chance to buy Jane McKenna's black book.

CABLE
What?

KLUTE
Call-girls generally keep a book, you know, a list of their clients. Sometimes, if a girl retires, she'll even sell it - worth good money. Jane McKenna had a black book; when she died it was stolen. I've been after it a long time.

CABLE
You were hired to look for Tom.

KLUTE
I'm meeting a man tomorrow night. He wants to meet me on East-River Drive -- he wants five hundred dollars for the book. Can you get that for me Pete?

Sometime -- right along about now -- it privately comes to Cable that Klute may know -- everything -- and that he, Cable, may be being trapped.

CABLE
I can't follow you.

KLUTE
Will the Company put up five hundred dollars to get Jane McKenna's list of clients?

CABLE
No. It's ridiculous. This has nothing to do with Tom Grunemann.

KLUTE
(shrugs, stolidly)
It probably has the Dumper's name. It might give us some kind of new lead.
(beat)
I want a look at it anyhow.

153 CONTD (3)

CABLE
Klute, the Company's interest is Tom Grunemann. Solely and exclusively. You say you can't find Tom; all right, I'll see that you're paid off; the case is closed.

KLUTE
All right, but I'm going to see that list.

HELICOPTER-FLIGHT is announced over loud speaker and Cable and Klute walk onto field.

154 EXT HELICOPTER FIELD

People are boarding helicopter.

CABLE
Why would they deal with you? You don't know these people.

Klute is momentarily at a loss -- not a question he'd prepared for -- improvises.

KLUTE
No, but Bree does. She's negotiating for me. Bree Daniel.

Cable takes an instant to compute the thing. Then --

CABLE
I can talk it over; possibly I can get the money. When are you meeting the man?

KLUTE
Tomorrow evening, nine. East River Drive and 73rd Street.

CABLE
Suppose I meet you there a half hour before.

KLUTE
Just send me a money order.

CABLE
No, I'd -- like to be in on it.

154 CONTD

ATTENDANT comes over to motion Cable onto the helicopter.

Klute smiles awkwardly, raises his hand in a goodby gesture.

KLUTE
Well --

CABLE
Tomorrow. See you tomorrow night.

155 INT HELICOPTER

Cable sits down next to window. The helicopter begins to rise. CAMERA goes into a medium close shot of Cable against the helicopter window. The helicopter ascends in front of a very tall office building made up of endless glass squares. A telephoto lens brings the glass squares of the building directly against Cable's head and shoulders giving us the feeling that Cable is almost levitating by himself. As one floor after another disappears behind him we see an almost manic exhultation in Cable's face; as if he is on top of things once more.

156 EXT STREET OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE DAY

We bring Klute along street, and into the Brownstone.

157 INT STAIRWELL DAY

Klute climbs the stairs to Bree's apartment -- knocks. He waits. No answer. He calls once --

KLUTE
Bree?

No answer. He starts downstairs again -- then turns back, unlocks the door himself, enters.

158 INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

The room is still disordered. Bree and Frank Ligourin look at him silently. Bree has been assembling arm-fuls of dresses to carry away with her. Frank sits nearby in a chair. Klute smiles a little -- almost apologetically.

158 CONTD

KLUTE
I'm always getting surprises.

Bree doesn't answer. She sets the armload of dresses over the back of a chair, moves aside to get others. Frank smiles cautiously, ruefully. Then --

KLUTE
(continued)
I don't want you to do this.

He still doesn't extract an answer. She returns with other dresses.

KLUTE
(continued)
Please. I said I don't want you to do this.

BREE
(tight, small)
Trask said I should move. Let's not make a thing of it.

He continues to look at her; she continues to gather possessions. Then trying to smile, to deal with it casually --

BREE
(continued)
Look, too much is going on here. I'm moving in with another girl, that's all. Just for a while.

FRANK
(helpfully)
That's right. This other girl's got a very big apartment, big, plenty of room.
(then)
Look, it's not necessarily how it looks, right? It's --

He thinks better of continuing. Klute looks from him back to Bree. He speaks gravely, spacing his words -- unable to speak any faster.

KLUTE
No. Please. Not with this son of a bitch.

Frank rises, both nervous and offended -- but dealing with Klute as between civilized men. Smiling.

158 CONTD

FRANK
Klute, let's handle it like grownups? I mean we're all grown up now, right?
(ventures forward)
-- we all respect each other, you know what I mean? -- I respect you, Bree respects you -- you could say, it just didn't work out between you and she. But you got to respect her too -- you know, her best interests, best for her --

Klute hits him, pursues, recovers, and starts to beat him. BLOOD thickly descends the side of Frank's face, as he struggles away. Bree is screaming. Bree grabs at him from behind. He thrusts her off. But it allows Frank to break away through the still-open door. Klute pursues.

159 INT LANDING AT DOOR DAY

Frank clatters down a few stairs as Klute arrives in the doorframe, and as Bree, behind Klute, screams --

BREE
No!

Klute is restrained -- restrains himself. Frank has faced around on the stairs, still bleeding extravagantly from his torn scalp. Earnestly --

FRANK
Hey, I'm gonna get you dropped.

Klute starts out after him -- Frank vaults away down the stairs -- we hear him stumbling and running -- Klute faces sharply around into the apartment.

160 INT BREE APARTMENT DAY

PAST KLUTE TO BREE. She is running away from him again, to a corner of the apartment, fumbling at a sewing basket. He starts in, after her.

KLUTE
(indistinctly)
Please --

160 CONTD

TWO SHOT

She swings about as he overtakes her, holding a pair of scissors -- simply and transcendently terrified. She strikes at him, slashing his forearm. He and she stand in absolute silence. He looks down at the stain of blood spreading through the fabric of his jacket sleeve. Then he turns out of the room and down the stairs.

161 EXT BREE'S BROWNSTONE DAY

Klute comes out of door -- goes down steps to his own apartment. A passerby stops him for directions and doesn't seem to notice the blood on his sleeve. Klute goes into his apartment.

162 INT BREE APT., BREE DAY

Bree is in the middle of dialing the phone. Her hands are shaking; she misdials -- holds down the receiver for a moment then starts again.

163 INT KLUTE APT: KLUTE DAY

Klute stands in silence for a moment or two -- then takes rather more note of his forearm. (Not urgently but practically; it behooves him to stop bleeding.) He turns toward the bathroom, pulling his jacket off with the other hand.

164 INT BREE APT: BREE DAY

Bree speaks to the phone, trying to make a simple point, trying to keep her voice even.

BREE
-- until he gets back.
(beat)
Yes I heard you, I understand that.
I said I'm going to come over,
I'll wait until he gets back.

She hangs up before the other party can object in detail -- takes up her purse and goes out, not even closing the door behind her.

165 INT KLUTE APT: BATHROOM: KLUTE DAY

Klute has knotted a hand-towel around his forearm, now uses teeth and fingers to pull the ends tight. Then -- intending to clean up -- he takes up a washcloth, reaches for the faucet --

166 EXT BREE'S BROWNSTONE DAY

Bree comes out of door - goes down steps - hesitates in front of Klute's apartment struggling with the question of whether to knock. CAMERA pulls back to reveal we are watching her through the windshield of a car in the parking lot across the street. CAMERA pulls back further to reveal the back of Cable's head as he sits in the car watching her. Bree starts to knock on Klute's door but stops herself and walks down the street. Cable's Head moves out of the shot. We hear the sound of the car door opening and closing. Through the windshield we see Cable cross in front of the car and start to follow Bree down the street.

167 INT KLUTE'S APT: BATHROOM: KLUTE DAY

Klute finishes mopping up. SOUND OF TELEPHONE. He turns back out of the bathroom and answers it.

KLUTE

Hello?
(listens, then
soberly -- )
Trask, I don't get that.

168 EXT STREET: BREE DAY

Bree is about a quarter block away from the Brownstone now, hurrying. She waves in the direction of a cab, misses it, continues on. We CUT TO --

169 EXT STREET: CABLE DAY

Cable stands looking after her, hesitates over choice of action, decides to follow.

170 EXT STREET: FIGURES: PAST BREE TO CABLE DAY

We establish the distance between them -- Cable 100 or so feet behind her, unnoticed by her, maintaining about the same pace, not -- at this point -- trying to

170 CONTD

overtake (perhaps waiting for less populated surroundings). We CUT BACK TO --

171 INT KLUTE APT: KLUTE DAY

Klute continues his phone conversation, short-spoken.

KLUTE
Who told you, his secretary?
(listens)
Has someone checked his hotel?
He always stays at the --
(then)
I'll look around, I'll call you back.

He hangs up. First he checks out the windows (but - if we want to be accurate - from mid room, without directly approaching the windows themselves). Then he secures a pistol from his jacket (and folds the jacket itself over his arm to conceal it, as a matter of public decorum), and goes on out.

172 INT STAIRWELL: KLUTE DAY

Klute's manner, over the next few minutes, exhibits an absolute, untheatrical, care and competence. A man -- Cable -- may in fact be hiding here somewhere to kill him. He sets about checking the likely places -- first of all the lower hallway, then the stairwell itself, moving steadily unalarmedly up.

At the top he notes -- but still without main concern -- that Bree's door is open. He calls ahead --

KLUTE
Bree --

173 INT BREE APARTMENT: KLUTE DAY

He enters, puzzles, starts checking around (quite thoroughly; she might be hiding from him). We CUT BACK TO --

174 EXT STREETS: BREE; FIGURE OF CABLE DAY

Bree moves past CONSTRUCTION WORK, through one of those temporary pedestrian passageways. Behind her, nearer than before we see the FIGURE OF CABLE.

175 INT STAIRWELL DAY

Klute comes quickly back downstairs, back into his room, takes up the phone. Through the still-open door we watch him begin dialing -- then CUT TO --

176 INT SPANGLER'S (OUTER) OFFICE DAY

Bree sits isolated on the waiting-room couch. She may have been here for fifteen minutes -- or an hour. She turns the pages of a magazine -- one-handed, without even lifting it from the coffee table, with an absolute lack of interest, a mechanical gesture.

We hear FOOTSTEPS approaching directly toward where we are watching Bree sit.

LELA (O.S.)
Mrs. Daniel --

WIDER - TWO SHOT

Bree looks up in a kind of frozen terror, as the Secretary smiles nicely -- lovingly down at her.

LELA
(continued)
-- I have to close up now. Leave your name and number with his message service, Mrs. Daniel, and why don't you just go home and wait until he --

BREE
No.

LELA
Well I have to close up now.

BREE
Look -- could I use your phone?

LELA
Yes indeed.

BREE
Look. I almost killed my -- I almost killed someone.

LELA
(the same tone, completely)
Well I'm certain Doctor Spangler will want to talk with you; excuse me.

176 CONTD

Bree moves to the desk and telephone. But we move with the Secretary as she moves into Spangler's inner office and switches out the lights (establishing TIME CHANGE: dusk now) and as we hear, O.S., the sound of DIALING and BREE'S VOICE --

BREE (O.S.)
Is Mr. Faber there?
(beat)
Mr. Faber Senior.

177 INT GARMENT BUILDING: FABER'S OFFICE: FABER DAY(NIGHT)

Mr. Faber's phone buzzes; he picks it up.

FABER
Yes?
(then, glancing about)
Bree?

178 INT SPANGLER (OUTER) OFFICE: BREE ON PHONE DAY(NIGHT)

BREE
(haltingly)
-- I'm -- I just have to talk to someone. I'm just a little way across town --

179 FABER, ON PHONE (OFFICE)

FABER
Yes -- yes dear, yes -- maybe half an hour, sure, yes.

He hangs up. An ancient stirring, a kind of triumph. He glances about, then tightens his tie. Then it comes to him, after all -- he takes note of himself -- he leans forward against his desk and rubs his forehead with old bony fingers. We CUT TO --

180 INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT DAY (NIGHT)

KLUTE on phone.

KLUTE
Trina, will you call me if you hear from her? Will you check other people she might call?

180 CONTD

KLUTE
(continued)
Yeah, if it wasn't trouble I wouldn't ask you.

He hangs up, immediately starts to dial again, then pauses to check a list he's laid out by the telephone. While he's doing this, his PHONE RINGS.

KLUTE
(continued)
Yeah?
(then)
Nothing yet, Trask; I'm going down the list. I've tried Spangler's office and Spangler's home; I just get his message service. I'll keep --
(interrupted -- listens -- then grimly -- )
I may have steered Cable that way. I told him Bree was dealing for me, for Jane McKenna's book. Have you found any --

He is interrupted again -- Trask wasting no words on his end of things -- nods once --

KLUTE
(continued)
Yeah.

-- and depresses the receiver just long enough to clear the connection, and starts dialing again -- We CUT TO --

181 INT STAIRWAY OF GARMENT BUILDING DAY (NIGHT)

Quitting time. As Bree enters from street level, employees are coming down the stairs, pushing past her. She continues up on until at one point -- one more officious or more communicative than the others informs her --

FOREMAN
Lady, it's closing up there.

BREE
What?

181 CONTD

FOREMAN
We're closing up, quitting time, Fabers.

BREE
(unsurely)
I have an appointment with Mr. Faber.

FOREMAN
Oh, yeah.

He lets her pass, glances after her like the others, continues on his way.

182 INT GARMENT BUILDING: FABER RECEPTION AREA DAY(NIGHT)

Bree arrives at the head of the stairs -- as still others press past her on their way down -- and comes more or less directly up against the thickset RECEPTIONIST. She is packing her purse, preparing to depart, looks somewhat challengingly at Bree -- who sees no way to avoid the issue.

BREE
I have an appointment with Mr. Faber.

RECEPTIONIST
In there.
(turns, bawls)
Mr. Faber --

Bree goes on nervously in the direction indicated, toward --

A CORNER OF OFFICES: NATHAN FABER

NATHAN stands bending over a bench with back to camera, conferring with another man as Bree approaches -- looking to us, as to her, exactly like his father. We hear the Receptionist's VOICE repeating --

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
(continued)
Mr. Faber --

As Bree nears him, he straightens and turns -- a much younger man. Bree stops short, recognizing the error.

182 CONTD

NATHAN
Yes?

BREE
I'm sorry -- Mr. Faber Senior.

NATHAN
(calmly)
My father went home about fifteen minutes ago; he wasn't feeling too good.

She has already started away. He calls after her evenly --

NATHAN
(continued)
Can I help you?

She looks back quickly, smiles nervously --

BREE
It wasn't important.

But we hold on him for a moment as she continues out of scene -- until he turns away to other matters. Then --

RECEPTION AREA: RECEPTIONIST, BREE

Bree returns toward Receptionist, awkwardly --

BREE
Did Mr. Faber leave a message for me or anything? Mr. Faber Senior? Bree Daniel.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh, I thought that was for tomorrow.

The Receptionist riffles through a stack of assorted envelopes -- hands one out to Bree -- and promptly takes her way off. Out. Bree starts to open the envelope then and there -- but OTHERS continue to move past her. She seeks a more private place.

ROWS OF GARMENTS

Bree shelters herself out of sight from everyone else -- though we continue to hear INTERMITTENT VOICES, O.S. and continue to maintain the sense of other presences.

102 CONTD (2)

We see her open the envelope --

CLOSER: BREE, ENVELOPE

She finds nothing inside but money -- bills totaling fifty dollars perhaps. We see her looking for a message, finding nothing. It comes to her slowly that she's been paid off and avoided. She bites her lips in pain. She pushes back out of hiding --

RECEPTIONIST AREA

-- back to the reception area again. (By now this immediate scene has emptied, though we catch sight of a figure or two at scene-start, moving through the background, and continue to hear an occasional NOISE or VOICE O.S.)

Bree looks about for someone -- then scouts for a pencil, finds one in a desk (or bench) drawer, starts to readdress the envelope (to direct it back to Mr. Faber). Then she breaks off from that, takes up a PHONE instead, dials -- waits -- then --

BREE
Bree Daniel. Has he called in yet? Well if he does, I'm at --
(reads phone)
-- two seven eight, three one hundred, and I guess I can wait here five minutes; then I'll try from somewhere else.
(impatiently)
Just tell him Bree Daniel; he knows who.

She hangs up, goes back to readdressing the envelope. FOOTSTEPS are approaching in her direction. She glances up apologetically.

BREE
(continued)
Mr. Faber, I just wanted to leave this for your father, and I wondered if you'd --

She pauses --

ANGLE PAST BREE TO CABLE

Cable hastens toward her along a lane of garments. In this brief glimpse a ludicrous and terrifying figure -- a noise, a gesticulation (actually the

182 CONTD (3)

gesture is arms out, palms downward, intended as a quieting gesture; and the hissing noise is intended as a shushing). Bree cries out, turns to run --

BREE
Someone --

-- as we immediately, even as she's turning, CUT TO --

183 INT KLUTE'S APT: KLUTE DAY (NIGHT)

Klute speaks quietly but with terrible urgency into the phone (dealing evidently with an ethically skittish message service at the other end).

KLUTE
Did she leave a number?
(beat)
This is a police call; don't make me take time to prove it. Did she leave a number? What is the number?
(beat)
What is the number? --

184 INT GARMENT BUILDING DAY (NIGHT)

Cable and Bree. They are at some remove from the site of Cable's first appearance; there are other evidences of time-lapse. Cable's manner is that of slightly-strained patience -- a civility -- an attempt now and then to smile. Bree watches his every slight gesture, quivers to make a break for it, tries throughout to buy time.

CABLE
Can't we talk together reasonably, just -- ordinarily?
(beat)
I know you're expecting some kind of -- extravagant behavior, but believe me -- do you believe me? --

BREE
Yes -- all right --

CABLE
-- We can talk --

104 CONTD

DREE
-- Yes.

CABLE
All right then, an ordinary matter. I'm a quite well off man, I have a -- position to respect. I would feel personally uncomfortable to be connected with a -- certain kind of woman, I'm sure you understand. Do you? Well I'd like to buy Jane McKenna's book.

He looks at her discerningly. She seems not to have followed his exposition. He tries patiently to clarify it.

CABLE
(continued)
Her black book, Jane McKenna's, her list of -- of persons. I was told you're negotiating for it on behalf of --

The PHONE RINGS, an explosive noise. Bree startles. It has been put on night-ring, to sound all over the loft, and the noise is deafening. But -- the most bizarre element is Cable's absolute lack of response to it. It rings and rings as he talks and talks -- in the same expository tone as before, without raising his voice. It drowns out most of his words -- at most we catch only odd phrases of all the following -- but he seems not to hear it any more than the clamor of other things torturing his soul.

CABLE
(continued)
That was what Klute told me -- you were negotiating for him to buy that list. And I'm in a position to pay a good deal more for it than he can. Do you understand? I'd like you to acquire it on my --
(beat)
Miss Daniel, do you not understand?
(beat)
Miss Daniel, I can't tell whether you understand me.
(beat - still reasonably)
Is this something Klute just invented? Is this a trap for

104 CONTD (2)

CABLE
(continued)
me, Miss Daniel; does Klute know about me?

He turns and lifts a phone (one of the extension phones situated around the loft) -- though up to now he's given no evidence of even hearing the ringing. He just stands holding the phone for a time, then lowers it back on the receiver. With a sort of absolute quiet --

CABLE
(continued)
You have no idea what I'm talking about.

BREE
Yes -- Jane McKenna's book -- I could make a phone call.

CABLE
No, you're frightened, you're pretending. Well -- Klute knows about me then. Does everybody know, can you tell me?

BREE
Yes.

CABLE
Then it doesn't matter what I do any more, does it?

Pause. Then he shudders slightly.

CABLE
(continued)
You people know nothing about pain.

We CUT TO --

185 EXT STREETS DAY (NIGHT)

We see Klute -- probably in MLS -- running along street. He tries for a cab -- misses it -- halts the next by expedient of cutting bodily in front of it. The Driver starts to lean out to object. Klute mashes him back inside, enters the cab. We CUT BACK TO --

106 INT GARMENT BUILDING DAY (NIGHT)

MLS, the two FIGURES: CABLE, BREE. They are somewhat separated -- Cable has gone to look down from one of the arched windows of the loft, while Bree remains in place. She is a prisoner, we can suppose -- when we cut closer we'll see her eyes continually shifting, her mind calculating her chances -- but he hasn't molested her. He bears her no animus at this point. his manner is rather quiet, undetermined. He feels some relief that the thing is, in effect, over -- and some puzzlement about what to do (with either her or himself) now. He returns toward her.

CLOSER: BREE, CABLE

Nearing her again, he gestures several times, apologetically, seeking words.

CABLE
I've got no idea what I shall do.

He happens too close; she can't avoid shrinking.

CABLE
(continued)
I'm not going to hurt you, absolutely, I'm not.

BREE
Will you let me go then?

He seems not to have heard the request. He sits for a moment. An intellectual interest, a curiosity. (Meanwhile, perhaps, we see her starting to slip her shoes off, in hopes of running.)

CABLE
It puzzles me so badly. I've done terrible things but I can't consider myself a terrible man. I've killed three people and I'd still want to say it was accident, do you see?

BREE
(tries again, slowly)
If you'll let me go I could tell them what --

CABLE
(unhearing, resumes)
Tom Grunemann discovered me -- we were here on business together, he discovered me with

186 CONTD

CABLE
(continued)
Jane McKenna. Then I suppose it was the -- the contempt I saw in his face and the certainty that sooner or later he'd use it against me. Within the Company. I endured that as long as I could, do you see?

BREE
I'm sorry, I'm just frightened. Yes.

CABLE
Excuse me Miss Daniel?

BREE
I said yes, I see.

CABLE
(doubtingly)
Oh no, I don't think --

BREE
Tell me. I'll listen.
(pause)
I just want you to tell me.

He rises, approaches her -- apparently taken in, credulous, grateful, wondering --

CABLE
You're willing to listen? You want me just to keep talking? --

He hits her.

CABLE
(continued)
That's what you do, isn't it; you make a man feel accepted. That's what you all do. Your stock in trade a man's weakness.

He hits her again.

CABLE
(continued)
Why don't you ask for mercy? My God, what mercy has anyone given me?

187 INT ELEVATOR - KLUTE ASCENDING DAY (NIGHT)

188 EXT. GARMENT BUILDING ROOF (DIRECTLY ABOVE FABER LOFT) DAY (NIGHT)

Klute has gun out - as he carefully makes his way across the roof. Man in hotel window across street holding drink - watches him with amused curiosity. Klute spots entrance to stairway.

189 INT GARMENT BUILDING: KLUTE DAY (NIGHT)

Klute goes downstairs to back entrance of Faber loft. He slips inside. He hears THE SOUNDS OF THE BEATING -- a stirring of feet and indistinct impact sounds, a murmur of voices (but all quite muted, undramatic). He maneuvers through lanes of garments, trying to gain a line of sight. He understands what's going on, strains to intervene, but can't disclose himself. At a point, he drops to hands and knees, slides underneath the garment racks, drawing closer to Cable, trying to gain position. We intersperse his progress with further Bree-Cable fragments, as for instance --

190 FRAGMENT: CABLE, BREE

CABLE
You're a person of no value,
you have no value --

191 KLUTE, SHIFTING CLOSER

Klute works his way steadily closer -- under steadily increasing pressure, as the pursuit and beating continue as SOUNDS, O.S. Even close at hand the noises are ambiguous -- the clatter of footsteps, grunts, a slap of flesh -- rather than distinct. Once or twice we hear CABLE'S VOICE clearly enough to make out words --

CABLE
-- Is that contempt? Is it?
(then)
No, I'm the one who feels contempt.

-- and once or twice a CRY from Bree.

Klute tries to gain aim --

192 P.O.V. TO BREE, CABLE

-- but Cable is too close upon her, and they are too steadily in motion.

193 KLUTE

Klute moves on -- moves on -- gains position -- springs.

194 CABLE

Cable catches the sound, whirls, screams --

195 P.O.V. TO KLUTE

Klute closes with him, knocks loose Cable's pistol -- contends for it again, knocks it loose again. EFFECT -- under -- SIRENS.

196 CABLE, KLUTE

Cable breaks loose, backs a step -- backs another step -- and then, turns and runs unhesitant against one of the windows, exploding it outward with him, both frame and glass.

197 EXT WIDE SHOT: BUILDINGS DAY (NIGHT)

We see the body tracing its quick path down the dark side of the building.

198 EXT DOWNSHOT FROM LOFT TO STREET (KLUTE'S P.O.V.) DAY (NIGHT)

199 EXT BASE OF BUILDING: CABLE'S BODY DAY (NIGHT)

The sound of SIRENS a little LOUDER.

200 INT GARMENT BUILDING: KLUTE, BREE DAY (NIGHT)

Klute turns from looking down, moves to where Bree kneels on the floor. He hunkers down. In a gentle-enough VOICE, but matter-of-factly withal -- as if to a child --

200 CONTD

KLUTE

Come on.
(pause)
Come on.

(Note: also shoot in MLS, without dialogue, with SIRENS O.S. full up.) Then we CUT TO --

201 INT KLUTE'S APARTMENT DAY

KLUTE is packing to leave. We follow him about as he carries clothing from closet and bureau, folds it into his suitcase on the table. We hear the familiar FOOT-STEPS on the stairs. Bree's KNOCK. He lets her in, keeps on about his business. His expression is sober; hers is quite tentative.

BREE

Hi.

He doesn't at least expel her. She ventures in, sits on the table, swings her heels, watches him pack. His arm impairs him. At length --

KLUTE

I got a call from Ross this morning. Cable owned a plot of woodland -- he'd go there on weekends -- . They found Tom Grunemann's body buried there. They've notified his wife.

BREE

Oh.
(pause. Then sharply -- )
Well it wasn't us city people that did it -- your fine rosy-cheeked country boy.

KLUTE

Mm.

BREE

You're going back?

KLUTE

Hm.

Pause. She compresses her lips, slips down from the table, starts smartly out of the room.

201 CONTD

KLUTE
(continued)
Wait.

She returns and sits on the table again, waits. But Klute doesn't seem about to say anything more -- goes on packing.

BREE
Well suppose I hadn't come down-stairs. Would you just have folded up and sneaked away?

KLUTE
(slowly)
No. I was going to come up. I wanted to ask you to marry me.

(pause)

BREE
You wanted to, or you are?

KLUTE
I am.

BREE
You could at least look at me!

He complies, stands and looks, folding a necktie. But now she finds she has to look away. Somewhat brokenly --

BREE
(continued)
Look -- yes. I mean thanks, but -- don't you think we better be realistic?

KLUTE
About what?

BREE
Look at me. I'm pretty and sort of clever and very well intentioned, and dear God I'd tear your heart out!

KLUTE
I don't think so.

201 CONTD (2)

He resumes packing, continues through the following.

BREE
How can you not think so? You know the things I can do.

KLUTE
(unclearly)
They don't scare me any more.

BREE
What?

KLUTE
Doesn't scare me. I think we could handle it.

Thereafter he guards his silence, staunchly goes on packing, as she comes at the thing from various sharp angles.

BREE
Please, I'm a city person. I'm sure it's just as good as here but I'm a city person, that's all, I am!
(pause)
Hell I know what it's like. I was in Jersey once: the frogs go bra-a-p all night!
(pause)
What'im I supposed to do? Mend your socks and sing in the church choir?
(pause. Choking)
Do you not believe I love you? I'm honestly honestly just --

He has almost finished packing -- returns toward the suitcase with the tin CLOCK and electric FAN, tries to fit them in as conversation continues.

BREE
(continued)
Look, why should it be yes or no? Can't we keep it going and see? I mean we can keep in touch and visit each other and see. People do that, that's realistic.

201 CONTD (3)

KLUTE
OK.

BREE
(bitterly)
You don't believe that either, do you? Why can't you see my side?

KLUTE
Can you use these?

He sets the fan beside her, hands her the LOUDLY TICKING clock. She holds it in her lap, numbly. He's packed -- closes various drawers, leaving in good order -- snaps the suitcase shut, lifts it stiffly down from the table. She remains sitting.

BREE
Can I carry something for you, to the car?
(he shakes his head)
Will you kiss me?

KLUTE
No. I'm sore.

He moves to the door, pauses, half-smiles --

KLUTE
(continued)
Well --

She smiles back. He goes. We hear the entryway door opening and closing.

She slips down off the table. We CUT TO --

202 EXT STREET OUTSIDE BROWNSTONE DAY

Klute is, let's say, about seventy feet on his way when she appears at the front door, calls after him.

BREE
Hey.

He turns around and stops. He walks slowly back to her.

202 CONTD

CLOSER: BREE, KLUTE

He arrives in proximity to her. Then the following events in more or less the following order:

He looks at her inquiringly. She responds by sitting down, plunk, on the grubby front step of the Brownstone.

Having stood for some time -- during which she has offered only twitching motions of her hands -- he sets down the suitcase.

Having set down the suitcase, but derived no answer, he reaches out one arm and leans against the building front.

She nearly arrives at the level of statement. Fretfully, indecisively --

BREE
Oh heck --
(pause)
Oh heck --

Then, as a man not to be dallied with, he picks up the suitcase again. She looks at him strickenly, but it doesn't precipitate her into speech.

He puts it down again.

And then -- then, after all, goddamit, he reaches out, grabs her wrist, and simply hauls her along, suitcase in one hand, Bree in the other. As she yanks, shouts, struggles --

BREE
I haven't decided yet!
(beat)
I haven't decided yet!
(beat)
I haven't decided yet! --

THE END